IRAQ: THE REFUGEE CRISIS & THE AIR WAR

The Nation.

SICK JUSTICE

HOW ASHCROFT'S HOSPITAL ROOM BECAME A CONSTITUTIONAL BATTLEGROUND

JUNE 11, 2007
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LETTERS

Letters

CHRISTOPH NIEMANN

SOME RED, BUT TRUE BLUE

Bozeman, Mont.

■ In "Morality Gets a Massage," your May 28 editorial criticizing the Administration's focus on abstinence over AIDS prevention, you proclaim, "Nine states have now turned down the tempting pot of abstinence money, including 'red state' Montana." Montana has two Democratic US senators. Our governor and four or five statewide elected officials are Democrats. The State Senate (26 to 24) is Democratic. Montana's secretary of state, State House of Representatives (50 to 49) and US House member are Republican. Color us purple (deep purple) if you wish. Red we ain't. BOB NICHOL

'DARLING OF THE ANTI-ISRAEL' CROWD

Cambridge, Mass.

■ I don't recall any outrage from the hard left when Noam Chomsky led a campaign of outsiders against Henry Kissinger's efforts to receive a tenured chair at Columbia University. Nor do I recall outrage when Norman Finkelstein tried to get NYU Professor Burt Neuborne fired and disbarred. But now suddenly when a darling of the anti-Israel hard left, Norman Finkelstein, is up for tenure it becomes "virtually unprecedented," in the words of Jon Wiener ["The Chutzpah Industry," May 21], to send unsolicited letters to DePaul University. Nor does it matter to Wiener that my letter was in fact solicited, in writing, by the former chairman of DePaul's political science department.

I strongly believe that Norman Finkelstein does not deserve tenure at any university, any more than David Duke or Ann Coulter do. His writing is not scholarship. It is entirely ad hominem. Those who disagree with my assessment have exercised their freedom of speech by signing petitions and writing unsolicited letters to DePaul. I will continue to exercise my freedom of speech and urge others to do likewise. Freedom of speech is not only for the hard left and not only for Norman Finkelstein. It goes both ways and neither Jon Wiener nor the DePaul Faculty Governance Counsel will stop me from exercising my academic freedom and my right of free speech. ALAN DERSHOWITZ

Chicago

■ Jon Wiener writes that the "political science chair" contacted Peter Novick of the University of Chicago concerning allegations of academic misconduct against Norman Finkelstein. It's a minor point, but Professor Novick was not contacted by the then-serving department chair but by a former chair acting as an individual member of the faculty. As chair of the department since 2005 (before the start of the Finkelstein tenure process), I have never contacted professors Dershowitz or Novick on this or any other matter. MICHAEL L. BUDDE

WIENER REPLIES

Irvine, Calif.

■ Alan Dershowitz tries to change the subject from his conduct to Chomsky's—thirty years ago—but I couldn't resist a little fact-checking. Chomsky did not in fact lead "a campaign of outsiders against Henry Kissinger's efforts to receive a tenured chair at Columbia University"—at least not according to the *Washington Post*. The *Post* reported that in 1977, "A faculty organization, complaining that university officials decided on the [Kissinger] appointment in secret and violated normal review procedures, has obtained the signatures of over 130 faculty and research staff members to a letter opposing Kissinger; another group has prepared a petition signed by 1,000 students, faculty and staff members protesting the appointment." The Columbia *Spectator* declared in a front-page editorial, "There is no place at Columbia for Henry Kissinger." None of this was Chomsky's work. He isn't mentioned in the *Post* story until paragraph ten, which reports that he spoke at a protest rally. So much for Dershowitz changing the subject.

Dershowitz says his letter about Norman Finkelstein "was in fact solicited"—but not by the dozens of DePaul faculty members he sent it to. That's why the school's Faculty Governance Council voted unanimously in November to write to administrators at both DePaul and Harvard expressing "dismay at Professor Dershowitz's interference in Finkelstein's tenure and promotion case." That's why the issue is not Dershowitz's freedom of speech but rather his interference in what Michael Budde called "the integrity of our process and our institution."

JON WIENER

GOD BLESS YOU, MR. VONNEGUT

Indianapolis

■ Thanks for mentioning, in your May 7 tribute to Kurt Vonnegut, that he hailed from Indiana. Unlike many famous authors, Vonnegut had great affection for and maintained close ties with his hometown, Indianapolis, where his father and grandfather had been prominent architects. He credited much of his literary success to the good education he received at the city's Shortridge High School. He liked to mention that Indianapolis was the first place in America (and probably the last) where a white man was hanged for the murder of a Native American.

Ironically, the City of Indianapolis had proclaimed 2007 as "The Year of Vonnegut." All kinds of celebratory events were planned, the biggest being a major address by Vonnegut himself on April 27. Tragically, he died April 11. However, he had written his Indianapolis speech ahead of time, which was delivered April 27 by Mark Vonnegut, the author's son. Thus, Vonnegut's last speech was set in the nation's heartland, which I suspect is the way he would have wanted it. ERIC L. MAYER

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KEEP THOSE FILMS COMING...

San Antonio

■ When recalling films like *Norma Rae* ["Letters," May 7], let's not forget the wonderful and inspiring Woody Guthrie in *Bound for Glory*. The working person's troubadour, Woody never hesitated to make waves even if it meant capsizing his own boat. He was a true working-class hero too often ignored in history books but certainly brought back to life in this outstanding film. TIM DUDA

Santa Monica, Calif.

■ In his May 7 letter, Irv Silver warns against "historical amnesia" regarding *Salt of the Earth*, but then engages in historical fallacy. The film's director, Herbert Biberman, was not arrested during the filming and did not direct the film "by letter and phone from prison." The film's female star, Rosaura Revueltas, was deported during filming, and a crew had to go to Mexico to finish filming some of her scenes.

LARRY CEPLAIR

NATIVE AMERICAN DEMOCRATS

Tulsa, Okla.

■ Laura Flanders's April 23 "Bottom-Up Power" on organizations uniting to register and turn out voters prompts me to let you know about our own Kalyn Free and INDN's List. This organization recruits and trains Native American Democrats to run for public office at all levels. Kalyn had much success in the 2006 cycle. For more information: Kalyn Free INDN's List, 406 South Boulder, Tulsa, OK 74103; (918) 583-6100; kalyn@indnslist.org.

SALLY FREEMAN FRASIER

HOT MAIL

■ We have had an unusually high volume of mail reacting to our May 7 special issue on global warming and to Alexander Cockburn's series of columns debunking mankind's responsibility for it. Next week our letters page will be devoted to this mail.

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EDITORIALS

Sick Justice

The frantic race to then–Attorney General John Ashcroft's bedside on March 10, 2004, sounds more Hollywood than history: Acting AG James Comey's foot-to-the-floor drive to head off then–White House counsel Alberto Gonzales and Chief of Staff Andrew Card; FBI Director Robert Mueller's startling imperative to his agents to defy any attempt by Gonzo and Card to throw Comey out; the sedated and badly ailing Ashcroft rousing himself from his sickbed to defend the Constitution; the resignation threats by Comey and Mueller. As Washington lore, the episode joins Richard Nixon's Saturday Night Massacre and Thaddeus Stevens's being carried on a stretcher to vote in the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson. And behind all this, the President pushing a wiretap program so blatantly illegal that his own top Justice appointees were threatening to resign.

The histrionics of that night, recounted by Comey to the Senate Judiciary Committee after three years, further erode Alberto Gonzales's already fatally compromised capacity to run the Justice Department. And they expose an internal Administration conflict between hyper-politicized operatives like Card, Gonzales and Karl Rove and Justice professionals like Comey—Bush appointees who nonetheless understood that their oath was to the Constitution. But there is also a risk that the drama of this good guys/bad guys confrontation—with Comey protecting his boss the way Michael Corleone took it on the chin for the Don at that lonely, dark hospital in *The Godfather*—is obscuring the real story: just how many ways the Bush Administration was finding to break the law, and just how high the chain of complicity ran:

§ According to Comey's testimony, for two years the White House had endorsed still unspecified secret wiretaps by the National Security Agency without a warrant or authorization from the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court. In other words, for two years the NSA and telephone companies had been committing a federal crime with the full endorsement of the Oval Office.

§ In spring 2004, when Ashcroft, Comey and every other responsible official in the Justice Department had reviewed the program and declared that the taps blatantly violated the surveillance law, Card, Gonzales and Bush himself all indicated their intention to go forward anyhow. In plain English, that is a conspiracy.

§ If Comey's memory is accurate, the President himself called the wife of the critically ill Ashcroft and asked her to let Gonzales and Card visit his bedside. When they arrived they tried to persuade the sedated Ashcroft to approve the illegal taps. But Ashcroft had already signed over his AG authority to Comey, who consequently carried the title Acting Attorney General. As Georgetown University law professor Marty Lederman has noted, this means that Bush, Gonzo and Card were seeking the signature of an Ashcroft "who was not only incapacitated but not even acting in an official capacity." What was the point? Writing in the blog of Yale law professor Jack Balkin, Lederman, a former adviser to the Ashcroft Justice Department's Office of Legal Counsel, suggests a chilling motive: "Obviously, they did so in order that they could present a *fraudulent* certification, of someone who was not at the time acting as AG, to the NSA and/or to the telecom companies." That is how determined the President was to continue an illegal program. Add fraud to the charge sheet.

§ As recently as February 2006, Gonzales testified in a sworn statement to Congress that there was no substantive dissent within the Justice Department over the warrantless wiretap program. This is not a casual misrepresentation: Had Gonzo told the truth, it would have moved Congress to ask questions. Add perjury to the charge sheet.

And the lies continue. When NBC reporter Kelly O'Donnell asked Bush at a press conference whether he ordered Card and

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EDITORIALS

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Gonzales to the hospital that night, the President changed the subject: "I'm not going to talk about it. It's a very sensitive program." Which program, Mr. President—the wiretaps you had been told were illegal, or the program of strong-arming sedated and sick officials who don't see things your way?

It must be said that John Ashcroft's genuine courage when confronted in the hospital by Card and Gonzales does not absolve him of responsibility for creating the conditions in which illegality flourished. As Bush's first Attorney General, he promoted the climate of secrecy that removed essential checks and balances on the Administration, indulging the Oval Office's contention—backed up by John Yoo's memos on the Geneva Conventions and in Dick Cheney's speeches—that the law is only what the President says it is. And while Comey's and Mueller's resignation threats sounded dramatic, there was no Saturday Night Massacre; Ashcroft, Comey and Mueller did not resign, instead settling on a compromise permitting the illegal program to go ahead with modest modification. Like their foreign-policy equivalents Colin Powell and George Tenet, these Justice officials persisted in the delusion that an Administration addicted to executive unaccountability and secrecy would be better off with themselves in it.

The focus on Gonzales's responsibility in the Ashcroft hospital affair should not be a distraction from the need for an aggressive Congressional investigation of the NSA wiretap program itself—as it existed before the sickbed saga, and as it continues to this day. At the Judiciary Committee hearing senators were understandably reluctant to push Comey on the point, given his cooperation and spectacular revelations. But national security classification and executive privilege do not apply to the grotesquely illegal. It is time for subpoenas and public disclosure.

As we go to press, Gonzales hangs by a thread, with more and more Republicans joining Democrats in calling for his resignation. And a no-confidence vote is pending. The ongoing tale of politically motivated US Attorney firings deepens every week; now it appears that as many as twenty-six of the nation's federal prosecutors may have been reviewed on the grounds of insufficient enthusiasm for the White House agenda. That Gonzales systematically lied to Congress about his knowledge and role in the firings isn't even a question.

What Comey's account makes so devastatingly clear, though, is that Gonzo's lies are just the signature of far deeper rot. Combining the US Attorney scandal and the Comey disclosures, Gonzales stands revealed as an unambiguous conspirator against the Constitution. As does his boss. The President's arrogant dismissal of Comey's shocking testimony implies that, to Bush, even public gestures of conscience are to be treated as state secrets.

Raw Deal on Immigration

No one more urgently wants to see a comprehensive immigration reform package emerge from Congress than the 12 million undocumented immigrants who are living and working in this country today—the massive May Day marches of the past two years were a vivid testament to their fierce determination to win official recognition of their lives and rights. For them, the

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legislation currently on the table in the Senate holds much appeal. But any attempt to reform our immigration system must grapple with the flow of immigrants destined to arrive in the future. It is this second group that the Senate's plan sells out.

For today's undocumented population, the Senate's "grand bargain" is far from perfect, but it is better in many respects than what they face now. They'll have to scrounge up at least $5,000 to pay fines, and travel back to their home countries at least once, before becoming full legal residents. Still, for many undocumented immigrants longing to establish normal lives, the effort may prove worth it. The petty punishments they must endure along the path to citizenship were included as a sop to the right, but that increasingly vocal and restive minority still isn't satisfied, decrying the plan as "amnesty" and threatening to sink the whole bill.

It's for the immigrants of tomorrow, though, that the grand bargain is truly a raw deal—little more than indentured servitude. It would create an underclass of temporary workers with few rights, who must return to their home countries every two years with no hope of ever belonging here. Not only does this amount to an abuse of human rights; it's also a surefire way to undercut American workers and their unions, providing employers with a cheap, vulnerable alternative workforce and placing downward pressure on the wages of US workers. It's not even clear, moreover, that it would work: Businesses that employ a low-wage labor force are complaining about the two-year limit and the red tape involved in complying with the law. The danger is that the bill could be amended somewhat to respond to those concerns, leaving the basic structure intact, which would be disastrous for both native and immigrant workers, pitted against each other in an ever-intensifying race to the bottom. The tragedy is that immigration reform could have been the occasion for improving the entire low-wage labor market, protecting the rights of all workers and preventing the exploitation of the undocumented that thrives in the shadows.

The Senate bill would also create a point system for legal immigrants, which would put them at the head of the line for citizenship for such attributes as their English-speaking ability, job skills, education and so forth. So while the well-off would get to be legal immigrants, the low-skilled would be stuck in the temporary work program. The point system would also diminish the importance of family ties in determining who can immigrate legally, a radical departure from this country's forty-plus-year tradition that has sparked an outcry from immigrant groups.

The Senate compromise comes just a week after another raw deal, on trade. It is a fact that true immigration reform—in terms of regulating the flow of job-seeking immigrants into the United States—cannot be accomplished without fundamental reforms to inequitable hemispheric trade and economic policies, the root cause of migration. By wrenching open the domestic Mexican market to subsidized US exports, trade deals like NAFTA have put poor Mexican farmers out of business while driving up the domestic price of staples like corn. Unable to make ends meet in Mexico, people make the rational calculation to go to the United States, where jobs pay more and are more plentiful, so they can send money home to support their families. The trade deal negotiated by the leading Congressional Democrats would do nothing to lessen these economic pressures, the likes of which have produced a migrant population of 185 million worldwide.

The final insult is that the Senate bill calls for ratcheting up border enforcement. Since there's little reason to believe that new trade and immigration policies will stanch the flow of undocumented migration, increased enforcement will in all likelihood mean more lives lost and disrupted, and more money down the drain, in the vain hope that illegal border crossings can be stopped.

Even though the Senate immigration deal was hammered out behind closed doors, excluding representatives of labor and immigrant groups, its more positive provisions do reflect their hard work in bringing the plight of the undocumented to national attention. And the legislation does offer relief, and hope, to millions of desperate people. For that reason, it is important that the debate proceed, while immigrants and their advocates press for an acceptable deal, from the Senate and then from the House. In the end, the "grand bargain" brokered in the Senate may indeed represent the best bargain possible in the present political climate, as its liberal defenders claim. For the sake of those yearning for visas and green cards, let's hope not, because it's not good enough.

Iraq Timeline Runs Out

It's beginning to look like Congress should take lessons in democracy from the Iraqi Parliament. The majority of Iraqi parliamentarians have signed a draft bill that would establish a timetable for the withdrawal of US troops. Iraqi politicians are responding to popular sentiment in their country, as reflected by polls that show 65 percent of Iraqis want the occupation to end. Would that American politicians were as responsive to public opinion here; a recent CBS News/*New York Times* poll found that 64 percent of Americans want out. But the Democratic majority in Congress is so razor-thin that in late May it finally gave up the attempt to pass a funding bill establishing a timeline for withdrawal. The caucus was further undermined by internal disunity, as the defection of Carl Levin, Steny Hoyer and others prevented House Speaker Nancy Pelosi and Senate majority leader Harry Reid from forcing a timeline on the Administration.

ON THE WEB

§ Fight for Free Expression: Katrina vanden Heuvel explores Russian journalists' efforts to protect media freedom.
§ Home Run Wars: Robert Lipsyte on Mickey Mantle, Barry Bonds and how the big bang has shaped the culture.
§ Get Busy Living, or Get Busy Dying: David Sirota on labor's obligation to stand up to special interests.
§ On the Porch in the Seventh Ward: Billy Sothern on New Orleans's hidden cultural wealth.

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At least Pelosi and Reid are voting right. When the House on May 10 considered Jim McGovern's proposal to fund redeployment of US forces and contractors from Iraq on a schedule beginning no later than ninety days from the measure's enactment, the 171 yes votes included that of Pelosi. When the Senate voted May 16 on whether to consider Russ Feingold's plan to set an exit timeline, the twenty-nine supporters included Reid.

Thanks to Senator Chris Dodd, who cut television ads for his long-shot presidential bid that highlighted his support for Feingold's measure—and in clear recognition of public antiwar sentiment—three Senate contenders for the Democratic nomination, Hillary Clinton, Barack Obama and Joe Biden, scrambled to join their colleagues in backing the timeline. But in the face of fears that they would be accused of "not supporting the troops," and with Republicans remaining loyal to Bush, House Democrats dropped the timeline and gave Bush a spending bill with only a few loose benchmarks for "progress," which he will be allowed to waive. As Feingold said, "There has been a lot of tough talk from members of Congress about wanting to end this war, but it looks like the desire for political comfort won out over real action."

McGovern and Feingold recognized long ago, and more and more Congressional Democrats now understand, that only a decision by the House and Senate to use the power of the purse will end this war—a war that, as Stephen Glain's article (see page 11) on the refugee crisis powerfully illustrates, is spreading misery across the Middle East. Iraqis are fleeing not only continuing sectarian bloodshed but, as Nick Turse's article (see page 14) shows, a US counterinsurgency and air war that are taking an unconscionable number of civilian lives.

Pelosi and Reid are right when they say this is not the end of the fight over money for Iraq. Congress will be looking at another spending measure in the summer or early fall. The problem is that there are still prominent Democrats who don't get it. Senate Armed Services Committee chair Carl Levin voted against the Feingold bill, attacking it on the Senate floor in language that sounded like a White House "support the President to support the troops" talking point. Particularly disappointing were some of the new Democratic senators, like Jim Webb and Jon Tester. In the House, majority leader Steny Hoyer was joined by key Representatives like Mark Udall, John Spratt and Ron Kind in voting with Republicans to block the McGovern amendment.

Make no mistake, Levin, Hoyer and others like them in the Democratic caucus are slowing movement toward unity in support of withdrawal. They are undermining the ability of their party to clarify the lines of debate and force wavering Republicans—like Senators Susan Collins, John Sununu and Norm Coleman—to either take an antiwar stand or face re-election defeat in 2008. These unacceptable votes should raise the ire of antiwar activists and the American people, and the members of Congress who cast them must be held accountable for extending the war. Americans must make it clear that when the next chance comes to use the power of the purse, our representatives should follow the will of the people and call a halt to Bush's disastrous war.

CALVIN TRILLIN

A Letter to Paul Wolfowitz on How His Departure From the World Bank Will Be Dealt With in His Obituary

The second paragraph will spell it out
In chapter, Wolfie, and in sordid verse.
Your lawyer worked in vain, and, by the way,
The paragraph it follows will be worse.

That paragraph will be about the war
For which you served as cocksure *philosophe*.
It's even harder there to claim clean hands,
For graft stains fade, but blood just won't come off.

Wolfowitz and the Bank

When Paul Wolfowitz finally agreed to resign from the presidency of the World Bank, it seemed that all of Washington breathed a sigh of relief. Of course, the Bank board's assurance that Wolfowitz acted "ethically and in good faith in what he believed were the best interests of the institution" was hard for many to swallow. But as one Bank insider told the *Financial Times*, "It is terrible—but I guess that was the price to pay to get him out."

It was not just Wolfowitz's role in arranging an overly generous pay increase and promotion for his girlfriend that lay behind his unprecedented departure. The appointment two years ago of an infamous neoconservative and architect of the Iraq War was an unseemly way of showing the world that the Bank belonged to Washington, that other countries' opinions did not matter. He brought in cronies from his Pentagon days, at high salaries, and appeared to be pushing a Bush Administration agenda on issues like global warming and family planning. He was unwanted at all levels of the institution.

Yet the narrow focus on Wolfowitz and his foibles overlooks some fundamental facts about not only the Bank but the entire structure of the international lending institutions. Wolfowitz's resignation won't reform the Bank. But a series of epoch-making changes in the international financial system have been eroding the Bank's influence, along with that of its more powerful ally and leader, the International Monetary Fund.

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COMMENT

By tradition, established with the founding of the World Bank and IMF in 1944, Washington picks the president of the 185-nation Bank, and the Europeans get to pick the head of the IMF. But these formalities mask the true power structure at these institutions. For example, the Europeans, despite choosing the IMF's chief, do not exercise any more power at the Fund than they do at the Bank. Also, there is a hierarchy: The Bank is generally subordinate to the IMF, especially on the crucial matter of economic policies adopted by borrowing countries. At the top of the ladder is the US Treasury Department, which dominates the IMF.

These relationships reflect the world of 1944, when the United States was the only standing major industrial power and much of the developing world was still formally colonized. Over the past three decades especially, the IMF and the World Bank, directed by the Treasury, have run a powerful "creditors' cartel." Developing countries that do not meet the IMF's conditions will generally not get credit from the much larger World Bank, regional lenders such as the Inter-American Development Bank, the G-7 governments and sometimes even the private sector.

This concentrated control over credit has been the major avenue of US influence in low- and middle-income countries, especially in promoting its "Washington Consensus" reforms: tighter monetary and fiscal policies, "independent" central banks, privatization of state-owned enterprises, indiscriminate opening to international trade and capital flows and the abandonment of development strategies and policies generally. These "reforms" have coincided with a sharp slowdown in economic growth and reduced progress on major social indicators (life expectancy, infant and child mortality) in the vast majority of developing countries since 1980. The major exceptions have been where the IMF and World Bank have had the least influence on economic policy: mostly in Asian nations, like China, Vietnam and India.

Over the past seven years the power of the IMF-led creditors' cartel has collapsed in middle-income countries. The breakdown began after the Asian financial crisis of 1997–99, which greatly damaged the IMF's credibility. The middle-income countries there began to accumulate reserves so that they would never again have to borrow from those institutions. The Latin American countries have also broken away from the cartel in recent years, especially since the Venezuelan government has offered an alternative source of credit and aid to many of its neighbors, including Argentina, Bolivia and Ecuador.

The breakdown of the IMF/World Bank creditors' cartel has been the most important change in the international financial system since the collapse of the Bretton Woods system of fixed exchange rates in 1973. It is in this context that the battle for reform at the World Bank is most meaningful. The IMF/World Bank cartel is still operating in the poorest countries, and it is through this cartel that the World Bank does its worst damage: the privatization of water in countries like Ghana and Tanzania, the imposition of user fees on primary healthcare and education in Kenya and other African countries, the privatization of social security systems in Latin America and Central and Eastern Europe, the destabilization and overthrow of Haiti's democratically elected government in 2004 and, most recently, the cartel's role in deciding that poor countries in sub-Saharan Africa could not spend 70 percent of the desperately needed aid money that they received from 1999 to 2005—to name just a few of many disastrous examples.

For those who care about reform, one feasible change would be to make the World Bank independent of the IMF. Congress—perhaps with Europeans going along—could make this a condition of continued funding for the Bank. In other words, the Bank would no longer make its loans contingent on IMF conditions or approval. This would help break up the cartel and keep the Bank from enforcing some of the IMF's most destructive policies.

Realistically, so long as developing countries have no significant voice within the World Bank, it cannot be expected to pursue an agenda that benefits poor countries or poor people generally. But the United States, Europe and Japan show no inclination to change the Bank's voting, or even the nonvoting (i.e., Treasury supremacy), structure in the foreseeable future. Economic and social progress will therefore most likely result from the diminishing power of these institutions, as has happened in recent years. But from a "harm reduction" perspective, detaching the World Bank from the IMF would be a major step forward.

MARK WEISBROT

Mark Weisbrot is co-director of the Center for Economic and Policy Research in Washington (www.cepr.net).

NO-SWEAT SIT-INS HIT ACADEME

On May 22 eleven Stanford University students staged a sit-in in the lobby of president John Hennessy's office, demanding action on sweatshops. They were asking Hennessy to join the Worker Rights Consortium (WRC), a group founded by students and labor rights activists seven years ago to investigate abuses in the collegiate apparel industry, and to sign on to the Designated Suppliers Program (DSP), a system devised by the WRC to enforce universities' existing codes of conduct. As wonky as it sounds, the DSP has recently caught fire among students. Earlier this spring sit-ins broke out at the universities of Southern California and Michigan demanding that those schools adopt the DSP. The week before the Stanford action, the University of Washington avoided a sit-in by doing just that.

Sophomore Bethany Woolman, reached by cellphone at the sit-in, said of president Hennessy's dilemma over the DSP and the WRC, "We know he has the moral integrity to take this step, but we also know he needs the support of students to do it." Might last year's $105 million donation to the Stanford Business School by Nike CEO Phil Knight complicate Hennessy's decision? After all, the University of Oregon backed out of the WRC after threats from multimillion-dollar donor Knight. Stanford's administrators didn't return calls in time for this report, but let's hope they do show some integrity.

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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

The Greenhousers Strike Back, and Strike Out

I began this series of critiques of the greenhouse fearmongers with an evocation of the papal indulgences of the Middle Ages as precursors of the "carbon credits"—ready relief for carbon sinners burdened, because all humans exhale carbon, with original sin. In the Middle Ages they burned heretics, and after reading through the hefty pile of abusive comments and supposed refutations of my initial article on global warming I'm fairly sure that the critics would be only too happy to cash in whatever carbon credits they have and torch me without further ado.

The greenhouse fearmongers explode at the first critical word, and have contrived a series of primitive rhetorical pandybats, which they flourish in retaliation. Those who disagree with their claim that anthropogenic CO_2 is the cause of the small, measured increase in the average earth's surface temperature are stigmatized as "denialists," a charge that scurrilously combines an acoustic intimation of nihilism with a suggested affinity to those who insist the Holocaust never took place.

The greenhousers endlessly propose that the consensus of "scientists" on anthropogenic climate change is overwhelming. By "scientists" they actually mean computer modelers. The Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change (IPCC) and their computer-modeling coterie include very few real climatologists or atmospheric physicists. Among qualified climatologists, meteorologists and atmospheric physicists, there are plenty who do not accept the greenhousers' propositions. Many others have been intimidated into silence by the pressures of grants, tenure and kindred academic garrotes.

Peer review, heavily overworked in the rebuttals I have been reading, is actually a topic on which the greenhousers would do well to keep their mouths shut, since, as the University of Virginia's Pat Michaels has shown, the most notorious sentence in the IPCC's 1996 report ("The balance of evidence suggests a discernible human influence on global climate") was inserted at the last minute by a small faction on the IPCC panel after the scientific peer-review process was complete. The former head of the US National Academy of Sciences (and president of the American Physical Society), Frederick Seitz, wrote in the *Wall Street Journal*, "I have never witnessed a more disturbing corruption of the peer-review process than the events that led to this IPCC report."

I should acknowledge one imprecision in my description of Dr. Martin Hertzberg's graph in my first column—"the smoothly rising curve of CO_2"—which prompted several intemperate responses, charging that I couldn't possibly expect CO_2 or carbon levels to drop just because of a one-third cut in manmade CO_2. Indeed, I should have written, "One could not even see a 1 part per million bump in the smoothly rising curve." Even though such transitory influences as day and night or seasonal variations in photosynthesis cause clearly visible swings in the curve, the 30 percent drop between 1929 and 1932 caused not a ripple: empirical scientific evidence that the human contribution is in fact less than a fart in a hurricane, as Dr. Hertzberg says.

As for the alleged irrefutable evidence that people caused the last century's CO_2 increase, the "smoking gun" invoked by one of my critics, Dr. Michael Mann, and his fellow fearmongers at realclimate.com, the claim is based on the idea that the normal ratio of heavy to light carbon—that is, the carbon-13 isotope to the lighter carbon-12 isotope, is roughly 1 to 90 in the atmosphere, but in plants there's a 2 percent lower C13/C12 ratio. So, observing that C13 in the atmosphere has been declining steadily though very slightly since 1850, they claim that this is due to man's burning of fossil fuels, which are generally believed to be derived from fossilized plant matter. On the naïve and scientifically silly assumption that the only way that plant-based carbon can get into the atmosphere is by people burning fuels, they exult that here indeed is the smoking gun: Decreases of C13 in the atmosphere mean that our sinful combustions are clearly identifiable as major contributors to the 100 ppm increase in CO_2 since 1850.

This is misguided, simply because less than a thousandth of the plant-based carbon on earth is bound up in fossil fuel. The rest of the huge remaining tonnages of plant-based carbon are diffused through the oceans, the forests, the grasslands and the soil. In other words, everywhere. Obviously, lots of this C13-deficient carbon has the chance to oxidize into CO_2 by paths other than people burning fuel, i.e., the huge amount of plant material that's naturally eaten or decayed by the biosphere.

Perhaps even more significant, cold ocean waters absorb lightweight C12 preferentially, resulting in lots of C13-deficient carbon in the oceans. This low-C13 carbon most certainly would have been released massively into the atmosphere over the course of the world's warming trend since 1850, when the Little Ice Age ended. All of these larger natural pathways for emitting low-C13 carbon into the atmosphere have been considerably accelerated by this same warming trend. So once again, the greenhousers have got it ass-backward. The 100 ppm increase in CO_2 can't be uniquely attributed to humans because at least as plausibly it could be the effect, not the cause, of the warming that started after the Little Ice Age denied by Dr. Michael "Hockey Stick" Mann.

I had promised that this third column would pose the question "Are things really so bad?" a theme I will take up in this series, along with a continuation of these rebuttals. I had hoped to deal with criticisms at the end of the series. I have changed my plans, since committed greenhousers like George Monbiot charge that I have ignored their rebukes. In actual fact I was offline, in Russia, flying thither over the Arctic and thus able to make a direct review of the ice cap. So wait a couple of weeks for my next column before you critics let fly again. Coming up: how greenhouser theologians deal with the global water cycle and the highly embarrassing and persistent lag between temperature and subsequent atmospheric CO_2 change. After that, I'll offer a real treat: the nightmare visions of the greenhousers and how many have fallen under the implacable guillotine blade of reality. ■

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KATHA POLLITT

'Feckless'? No Way!

I didn't review Phyllis Chesler's *The Death of Feminism* when it came out more than a year ago, and that was a mistake. The book, which accused American feminists of ignoring the oppression of Muslim women out of a combination of multicultural piety and anti-Americanism, was such a slapdash, narcissistic mess I thought it would sink of its own accord. How, for example, could anyone take seriously an analysis of Muslim gender relations, based on the author's account of her marriage to an Afghan almost fifty years ago? If I tried to describe, say, Catholic attitudes toward women on the basis of my 1974 romance with the bartender of the Bells of Hell, wouldn't that seem a little, I dunno, self-involved to you? I know a lot of the feminists Chesler excoriates for imaginary crimes against sisterhood; in fact, I came in for several pages of rather unhinged abuse myself. I just couldn't believe anyone would give the book the time of day. How seriously can you take a writer who has turned herself into a tax-deductible "organization" for which she solicits donations on her website? Is that even legal?

In a way I was right. The book tanked. But its argument has taken on a life of its own. That selfish Western feminists have abandoned Muslim women has become a truism on the right. Well, with Iraq a shambles and Afghanistan on its way to becoming a Taliban-friendly narco-state, these can't be happy days for the proponents of gunpoint liberation. You can see how it would go in the offices of *The Weekly Standard*: Hmmm… maybe invading countries and killing a lot of innocent people isn't the way to get women out of those burqas? Oh, never mind, here's a piece by Christina Hoff Sommers blaming American feminists for turning their backs on female victims of "lashings, stonings, and honor killings" in the Muslim world. Whew!

According to Sommers's "The Subjection of Islamic Women and the Fecklessness of American Feminism" the major obstacles in the path of Muslim women's progress are Eve Ensler, Barbara Ehrenreich, the National Organization for Women and me. She attacks any feminist, basically, who either concentrates on domestic issues, as NOW does, or who makes theoretical connections between the situation of women in the West and elsewhere. (I was bashed for my introduction to *Nothing Sacred: Women Respond to Religious Fundamentalism and Terror*, an anthology edited by *Nation* executive editor Betsy Reed, in which I wrote of a "common thread of misogyny" in modern fundamentalist movements. Sommers accuses me of placing the Taliban and "Christian evangelicals" "on the same plane." Actually, I mentioned Focus on the Family, the Christian Coalition and the Promise Keepers, hardly synonyms for "evangelicals," but in any case, to note a common thread between phenomena is not to equate them. And in fact, in case you were wondering, I don't equate them.)

Is there any truth to the charges? I write a lot about Muslim women's human rights in this space—I guess *The Weekly Standard* doesn't subscribe to *The Nation*—and have found that just about the *only* Americans who do the heavy lifting on these issues are feminists, although (see the otherwise excellent columns of Nicholas Kristof) they often don't get credit. Sommers mentions the high-profile case of Mukhtar Mai, the Pakistani woman who was gang-raped by order of a tribal council. According to Pakistani journalist Rafia Zakaria, a volunteer with the Asian American Network Against Abuse of Human Rights (ANAA), which helped bring Mai to the United States, Western feminists, from Equality Now and Amnesty International all the way over to Cynthia Leive at *Glamour*, gave "enormous support" while State Department officials were "often openly callous."

Still, Western feminism is a pretty big tent: If you go looking for someone to say female genital mutilation or child marriage is "just their culture," you can find her (of course, you can find a lot more people who aren't feminists who will say the same). Academic feminists can split hairs with the best, and that can be frustrating. And face it, our big national organizations have some odd priorities. I winced when Sommers mocked NOW for promoting "Love Your Body Day." La-di-da!

As usual, though, Sommers hasn't done her homework. *Women's eNews* has a whole Arabic section. *Ms.* is chock-full of articles about Muslim women. Through *The Vagina Monologues*, which drives the proper ladies of the Independent Women's Forum wild every year around Valentine's Day, Sommers's bête noire Eve Ensler raises a ton of money for women's groups in the Muslim world. Equality Now, one of the few groups Sommers likes, operates on the very principle Sommers mocks, that patriarchy exists all over the world. And guess who supported the Women's Islamic Initiative in Spirituality and Equity conference, which Sommers praises at length? The Ms. Foundation! The very organization she accuses in her opening of neglecting Muslim women!

It's all very well to accuse American feminists of hating the West. But actually, US invasions have made the work of Muslim feminists much more difficult. The last thing they need is for women's rights to be branded as the tool of the invaders and occupiers and cultural imperialists. That is why feminists from Egypt to Iran are leery of seeming too close to the West; Zakaria wants me to make clear her group gets no US government support. And that is why smart Western feminists support Muslim women's rights through carefully targeted international campaigns and by lending quiet support to groups on the ground, by funding schools and battered women's shelters and microenterprises rather than rushing in and telling everyone how to live. Oh, and by pressuring the US government, which is, after all, our own, to live up to its egalitarian rhetoric in its foreign aid. "In the 3.7 billion dollars that has been given" to General Musharraf, Zakaria writes, "nothing has been made contingent on improving conditions for Pakistani women."

How about it, Phyllis? Christina? See you in front of the White House about that? ■

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ARTICLES

EXODUS

The Flight of Millions From Iraq Threatens the Entire Region

STEPHEN GLAIN

In Damascus one recent evening, Ahlam Al Jaburi entered the foyer of her apartment in tears. She had risen at 5:30 AM that day to be first in line at the office of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees (UNHCR) in what she hoped would be her second interview since she first requested asylum in December. Even by the grisly standards of postinvasion Iraq, Jaburi has a strong case. In July 2005, while working with US military officers investigating the claims of war victims in the Baghdad suburb of Khadimiya, the 41-year-old computer specialist was kidnapped by three men while hailing a cab to get to work. "They called me a spy for the Americans and wanted information on their base," Jaburi says between long silences, interrupted only by the mechanical hum of a glowing fluorescent tube. "They threatened to kill me, but I had nothing to tell them." Her only concession to her tormentors was a plea that they not toss her body into the Tigris River.

Jaburi, a Sunni Muslim, was kept blindfolded and regularly beaten for eight days before her elder brother negotiated her release through a third party. The family paid a ransom of $50,000, which it drew from the *sanduk ashira*, a "tribal box" managed by local sheiks. As she was released, Jaburi, whose given name means "dream" in Arabic, was ordered to leave Iraq with her family.

Despite her service with US authorities in Baghdad, Jaburi was turned away from the US Embassy in Damascus when she requested asylum in America. After ten hours of waiting for her interview, enduring sporadic fits of pushing and shoving from other asylum seekers, she was forced to return home after the office closed for the day.

The latest malignant outgrowth of Bush's war in Iraq is, according to Refugees International president Ken Bacon, "the fastest-growing refugee crisis in the world." Like debris from a maritime disaster, the remains of Iraq's shattered lives are washing up at border crossings, accumulating at immigration centers and settling into tenement housing. The exodus, particularly in its first stages, has included members of Iraq's once-legendary class of skilled white-collar elites—doctors, engineers, scientists and educators. Without Iraq's professionals, it will take a generation to rebuild the country into a self-reliant state with a functioning economy.

"All of the doctors I know have decided to not go back," says a Sunni Iraqi pathologist and hospital administrator in Amman who, fearing for his family's security back home, would not give his name. "It will take a decade just to train new physicians. The insurgency has turned the country into an empty vessel, drained of talent."

What began as a thin stream of Iraqi merchants and investors seeking a safe place to do business has become a flood of some 2 million refugees—though it could be twice that amount—concentrated largely in Jordan and Syria. Many are destitute, and they place enormous strain on a region that is already highly combustible, both politically and economically. Once welcomed as fellow Arabs in distress, they are increasingly blamed for a scorching rise in inflation, crime and prostitution. Heads of state and politicians warn that they will

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THAT'S WHY SO MANY SOMEBODIES READ IT.

Dave Matthews is a longstanding *Nation* reader.

import Iraq-style sectarian strife—political fearmongering, many believe, that could become self-fulfilling at a time when the Bush Administration appears to be lining up its Sunni allies for a confrontation with Iran.

"We have thousands and thousands of Iraqis spilling in from Iraq, and the government is worried that they may bring their conflict to Jordan," says Taher Masri, a respected former prime minister. "In Parliament a few weeks ago, members were condemning Iran for trying to convert Jordanians to Shiism. My driver just asked me if Shiites were a greater danger than Israelis."

Dispossession accounts for much of the Middle East's colonial inheritance, from the Ottoman Turks' genocidal eviction of Armenians to the Palestinian exodus that followed the creation of Israel with British complicity. If history is any guide—and it usually is in the Middle East—where refugees go, trouble follows. The Iraqi exodus could do more to reshape the geography and geopolitics of the region than anything gamed out in neoconservative think tanks, which tend to see the matter as an abstraction. For Jordan and Syria, themselves the bastard progeny of imperial coupling, the problem is very real—and deadly serious.

"Jordan is scared to death of the spillover from Iraq," says Rhanda Habibe, Amman bureau chief for Agence France-Presse and the doyenne of the Jordanian press corps. "The Arab world is dividing into two groups, with Egypt, Saudi Arabia, the US and Jordan on one side and Iran, Hamas and Hezbollah on the other. If there is civil war in Iraq or a civil war in the West Bank, it could all spin out of control and suck us into it."

Though there are an estimated 1.2 million Iraqi refugees in Syria, compared with some 750,000 in Jordan, the strain is felt deepest in the Hashemite Kingdom. Tiny and resource poor, Jordan is a culture dish for the Middle East's myriad schisms, scored as it is by rich and poor, Muslim and Christian, secular and fundamentalist. Jordan lumbers under the weight of a large ethnic Palestinian population—40 to 60 percent of the total—much of which is still living in camps. The Palestinians in Jordan have coexisted uneasily with indigenous "East Bankers" since the two sides went to war in 1970. The regime is burdened by its alliance with the deeply unpopular US government and its peace accord with Israel. It is also a mendicant state, unable to survive without generous aid from the United States and its Arab neighbors. In February, for example, Jordan avoided a budget crisis only after Saudi Arabia, under stiff pressure from Washington, pledged $500 million in aid.

Aside from strong-arming the Saudis, however, the White House has taken a back seat in the refugee crisis. Ellen Sauerbrey, the Assistant Secretary of State for Population, Refugees and Migration, has pushed Amman and Damascus to accommodate Iraqi exiles while doing little to open America's own borders to them. Testifying before Congress four months ago, Sauerbrey—who has no experience with refu-

Stephen Glain, a contributing editor to Newsweek International*, is the author of* Mullahs, Merchants, and Militants: The Economic Collapse of the Arab World *(St. Martin's Griffin).*

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gees and who was appointed by Bush during a Congressional recess last year to avoid a floor fight over her strong opposition to abortion rights—confined US resettlement efforts to a single paragraph of her opening remarks. It took a measure led by Senator Edward Kennedy to shame the government into granting asylum to 7,000 Iraqi war refugees (among them, Ahlam Al Jaburi, whose persistence finally paid off this past April when she was awarded a promise of asylum).

With the US playing only a passive role in the crisis, Arab leaders are dealing with the problem as they see fit. Both Amman and Baghdad—the former worried about its capacity to absorb so many Iraqis, the latter covetous of its professional elites—are determined to reverse the migration. For a while, according to recent arrivals, Shiite men were being turned away at the Iraqi-Jordanian border, some with stamps in their passports that prohibited them from returning for five years. Now, they say, any adult male between the age of 18 and 36 stands a good chance of being refused entry. Amman recently announced it would admit only Iraqis bearing a special passport, soon to be issued by the Baghdad government on highly restricted terms.

'I have nowhere to go. The Jordanians want us out, and the Americans won't take us in.'
—Khulood Alzaidi, Iraqi refugee

Rafed, a refugee and aid worker, says UN officials are being pressured by Amman and Baghdad to stop registering Iraqi exiles, which gives them some measure of protection against forcible return. "There is an agreement to send us back, especially the intellectuals and professionals," says Rafed, who would not give his full name because he works closely with the UN. "This crisis is an embarrassment to both regimes."

Rafed is a linguist with a degree from the University of Baghdad. Before fleeing Iraq he translated for US forces and worked with internally displaced persons throughout the country. (The IDPs, totaling close to 2 million, are a widely overlooked by-product of the war. More than one in ten Iraqis is now unmoored.) By May 2006 Rafed was getting death threats for "working with the unbelievers." He varied his route to work each day and carried a handgun for protection, but having lost four of his cousins to the insurgency, one by decapitation, he decided to flee.

A Shiite, Rafed acknowledges some discrimination under Saddam Hussein, but he is nostalgic for the stability of the late dictator's rule. Before the US invasion, Rafed was engaged to a Sunni girl, but the relationship crumbled under pressure from both families. Stress has made him a diabetic, he says.

Like many of his fellow exiles, Rafed blames foreign elements for the conflict: Salafists (Sunni extremists) from Saudi Arabia and Afghanistan, agents from Iran and, of course, the United States. It was the Americans under viceroy Paul Bremer, the refugees say, who established a confessional style of government, with political parties defined by sect and ethnicity. "The Salafists started executing Shiites," says Rafed, "and then the Mahdi Army began to retaliate. Then, after the 2005 elections, the Sunnis felt threatened and abandoned politics and entered the insurgency. It was 90 percent political."

Some also blame Jordan's king, Abdullah II. In December 2004 the king warned of a "Shiite crescent" raking across the Arab world from its Persian pivot. Coming from a monarchy with a reputation as America's handmaiden—Abdullah's father, King Hussein, was on the CIA's payroll—Abdullah's remark was widely received as a proxy war whoop aimed at Iran and was quickly repeated by Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak.

Not long afterward, reports circulated that Iranian agents were proselytizing in Jordan's impoverished south, provoking a démarche from Amman. Earlier this year, a Jordanian cleric during Friday prayers condemned Shiites as apostates, and parents reported that teachers were lecturing students about the evils of Shiism. In an apparent move to cool things down, Abdullah invited a Shiite imam to preach at the King Hussein Mosque, a first for Jordan.

Having dutifully channeled for Washington, America's man in Amman was clearly in over his head. "When you have teachers condemning Shiites in class, that's bad," says Joost Hiltermann, Middle East project director for the Brussels-based International Crisis Group. "When immigration officials are asking if visitors are Shiite or Sunni at the airport, that's bad. And when clerics are calling for violence against Shiites, that's bad too, particularly when you consider that clerics are controlled by the government."

In contrast with Jordan, Syria continues to welcome Iraq's dispossessed. In part, that's because Damascus has the resources to accommodate them. Unlike Jordan, the country is endowed with water and oil and a population more than three times that of its smaller neighbor to the south. Damascus also still prides itself on being the fountainhead of Arab nationalism and as a haven for refugees and dissident groups.

Such conceit is not cost-free. Syria too is stalked by ethnic and sectarian tensions, with a restive Kurdish minority and a majority Sunni population ruled by the Assad family dictatorship. President Bashar al-Assad is clearly betting that his authority is sound enough for him to play the role of beneficent sheik. For now, at least, it appears to be a safe wager. The Americans are pinned down in Iraq, and Syria is riding the crest of an economic boom with the unwitting help of Washington. In December 2003 the United States imposed economic sanctions on Damascus for assisting militant groups like Hamas and Hezbollah, but as US Treasury officials cracked down on Syrian accounts held overseas, depositors simply repatriated their funds. The result was a liquidity glut that irrigated an economy long parched for capital.

"All the dirty funds are coming back to Syria," says Jihad Yazigi, editor in chief of *The Syria Report*, an online economic bulletin. "And you can thank these US sanctions."

In the current standoff, however, there is little margin for error, and the 41-year-old Assad is still relatively new at the game. It was the Palestinian refugee crisis, after all, that led to civil wars in Jordan and Lebanon, the latter of which was quelled by a Syrian intervention that paved the way for Syria's long and painful occupation of the country. Assad has to keep a wary eye on Aleppo, Damascus's rival city to the north, which has a

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growing Salafist movement. When the Grand Mufti of Syria died in 2004, Assad waited two years before replacing him with Sheik Ahmed Hassoun, who as the mufti in Aleppo had skillfully kept a lid on sectarian tensions. As Syria's exile population swells—in Aleppo as well as in Damascus—so does the prospect of confrontation.

If anything, says Laith Kubba, a former spokesman for the Iraqi government, the United States should thank the Syrian government for not turning its back on the Iraqis. "I would be happier to see Iraqi professionals staying in Jordan and Syria, preserving their skills," says Kubba, who is now a senior director at the National Endowment for Democracy. "Sending them back only consumes or wastes them in the civil war."

No one knows that better than Khulood Alzaidi, an aid worker who was forced to flee Iraq for Jordan in 2005 after receiving death threats slipped under the door of her home in the southern city of Kut. Poised and soft-spoken, the dark-skinned Alzaidi has kept the threatening letters as proof of her vulnerability. But her quest for asylum in the West is ensnared in a bramble of politics and red tape. She has no residency permit and has been picked up by security services and ordered to leave the country. Like her fellow émigrés, she dreads the prospect of being forcibly returned to the sectarian holocaust that is Iraq.

"I have nowhere to go," she says. "The Jordanians want us out, and the Americans won't take us in."

Unlike the vast majority of her fellow exiles, Alzaidi has met the man most closely associated with her plight. On November 17, 2003, the 27-year-old Shiite was one of a dozen or so Iraqi women who were guests of President George W. Bush at the White House. The event was held to honor the group's work on behalf of women in postwar Iraq, and was organized by Fern Holland, the feminist activist who less than a year later would be murdered by insurgents there.

On the day of Alzaidi's meeting with the President, she was ushered into the Oval Office along with the rest of the group, where they stood before a phalanx of reporters and a galaxy of flashing strobe lights. According to Alzaidi, Bush centered himself directly to her left. He assured the delegation that the United States would not abandon Iraq and that his decision to invade the country would be vindicated despite the chaos and rising death toll (by then, Iraq's sectarian violence had been escalating for several months).

"I saw the blood of Iraqis in his face," Alzaidi says from a friend's apartment. "This was the man who turned our lives upside down." Alzaidi says she nearly cried from rage, but restrained herself out of respect for the President. ■

THE DEVASTATION FROM U.S. BOMBING IS UNDERREPORTED—AND MAY BE INCREASING.

The Secret Air War in Iraq

NICK TURSE

Since World War II air power has been key to the American way of warfare—and civilian casualties have been a constant result, from Japan and Korea to Southeast Asia and now Afghanistan and Iraq. This year a seeming surge in airstrikes has led to a corresponding spike in civilian casualties. For example, in a two-day span in May, an airstrike in southern Afghanistan killed at least twenty-one civilians, while a US helicopter attack north of Baghdad killed five civilians, including two children. Yet very little is known about the air war. Due to an apparent disregard by the mainstream media, with a few notable exceptions, the full story remains one of the best-kept secrets of the Iraq War.

KAREN CALDICOTT

What we do know is that since the major combat phase of the war ended in April 2003, the United States has dropped at least 59,787 pounds of cluster bombs in Iraq—the very type of weapon that Marc Garlasco, the senior military analyst at Human Rights Watch (HRW), calls "the single greatest risk civilians face with regard to a current weapon that is in use." And expert opinion argues that rocket and cannon fire from US aircraft may account for most coalition-attributed Iraqi civilian deaths. The Pentagon has restocked hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of these weapons in recent years.

The question of cluster-bomb use is especially shadowy. This is hardly surprising. After all, at a time when many nations are moving toward banning cluster munitions—at a February 2007 conference in Oslo, forty-six of forty-eight governments represented supported an international ban by 2008—the United States stands with China, Israel, Pakistan and Russia in opposing new limits of any kind.

A cluster-bomb unit (CBU) bursts above the ground, releasing hundreds of smaller submunitions, or "bomblets," that increase the weapon's kill radius. It's a weapon, Garlasco notes, that "cannot distinguish between a civilian and a soldier when employed because of its wide coverage area. If you're dropping the weapon and you blow your target up, you're also hitting everything within a football field. So to use it in proximity to civilians is inviting a violation of the laws of armed conflict." Worse yet, US cluster munitions have a high failure rate. A sizable number of dud bomblets fall to the ground and become de facto landmines, which, Garlasco points out, are "already banned by most nations." He adds, "I don't see how any use of the current US cluster-bomb

Nick Turse, associate editor and research director of Tomdispatch.com, has written for the Los Angeles Times, *the* San Francisco Chronicle, The Nation, *the* Village Voice *and regularly for Tomdispatch, where a longer version of this article is available.*

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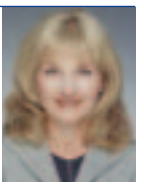

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arsenal in proximity to civilian objects can be defended in any way as being legal or legitimate."

In the opening phase of the Iraq War (March–April 2003), coalition forces dropped almost 2 million cluster submunitions, according to HRW. In response to a Freedom of Information Act request last year from the Mennonite Central Committee, which has studied the use of cluster munitions for more than thirty years, the Air Force said sixty-three CBU-87s were dropped in Iraq between May 1, 2003, and August 1, 2006 (since each CBU-87 contains 202 bomblets, that would be a total of 12,726 submunitions). The US Central Command Air Forces, or CENTAF, told me earlier this year that "there were no instances" of CBU use in Iraq in 2006, yet when I attempted to clarify the possible dating discrepancy, CENTAF refused to confirm that no CBUs were dropped between January 1 and August 1 of last year.

Evidence of the danger to civilians from these weapons can be found in US military documents. A June 2005 internal memorandum from the Army's 42nd Infantry Division describes how a 15-year-old Iraqi shepherd "was leading the sheep through north Tikrit, near an ammo storage site, when he picked up a UXO [unexploded ordnance] from a cluster bomb. The UXO detonated and he was killed." Asked to pay $3,000 to his mother in compensation for the boy's life, the Army granted that his death was "a horrible loss for the claimant" but concluded there was "insufficient evidence to indicate that U.S. Forces caused the death."

A Lancet *study suggests that half of all violent deaths of Iraqi children from March 2003 to June 2006 were due to coalition airstrikes.*

Iraqi documents also chronicle the effects of cluster munitions. A September 2006 report by the Conservation Center of Environment & Reserves, an Iraqi NGO, examined alleged violations of the laws of war by US forces during the April 2004 siege of Falluja. According to its partial list of civilian deaths, at least fifty-three people were killed by air-launched cluster bombs. An analysis of data collected by another NGO, the Iraqi Health and Social Care Organization, showed that between March and June 2006, of 193 war-injured casualties analyzed, 148 were the result of cluster munitions.

Aside from cluster bombs, Air Force officials acknowledge that coalition aircraft dropped at least 111,000 pounds of other types of bombs in Iraq in 2006, in a total of 10,519 "close air support missions." This figure does not include guided missiles, unguided rockets or cannon rounds; nor, according to a CENTAF spokesman, does it take into account the munitions used by some Marine Corps and other fixed-wing coalition aircraft, or any Army or Marine helicopter gunships. Nor does it include munitions used by the armed helicopters of the many private security contractors flying their own missions in Iraq. If the military released the figures for rockets, which can be outfitted with various warheads and fired from either fixed-wing aircraft or military helicopters, they might prove impressive: In 2005 the Army signed a five-year, $900 million contract with General Dynamics for the Hydra-70 rocket; by this April, $502 million in orders had been placed.

The number of cannon rounds—essentially large-caliber "bullets"—fired by CENTAF aircraft is also a closely guarded secret. The official reason given is that "special forces often use aircraft such as the AC-130" gunship, which fires cannon rounds, and "their missions and operations are classified." However, an idea of the number of cannon rounds expended can be gleaned from a description of a single operation on January 28, when, according to CENTAF, F-16s and A-10 Thunderbolts not only "dropped more than 3.5 tons of precision munitions" but also fired "1,200 rounds of 20mm and 1,100 rounds of 30mm cannon fire" in a five-square-mile area near the southern city of Najaf.

According to Les Roberts, co-author of two surveys of mortality in Iraq published in the British medical journal *The Lancet*, "Rocket and cannon fire could account for most coalition-attributed civilian deaths." He added, "I find it disturbing that they will not release this [figure], but even more disturbing that they have not released such information to Congressmen who have requested it." Roberts himself witnessed the destruction caused by cannon fire in Baghdad's vast Shiite slum, Sadr City, in 2004. He recalls passing through 100- to 200-meter-wide areas of neighborhoods that had been raked by such fire. "It wasn't one house that was beat up," he recalled. "It would be five, six, seven buildings in a row." This portrait of devastation is echoed by independent Iraqi journalist Ali al-Fadhily, who told me he had witnessed helicopter gunships in action, noting: "The destruction they caused was always immense and casualties so many. They simply destroy the target with every living soul inside. The smell of death comes with those machines."

While the destructive capacity of helicopter gunships has been well documented, the actual scale of use is hard to pin down. Flight hours do give some indication. According to James Glanz of the *New York Times*, Army helicopters logged 240,000 flight hours in 2005, 334,000 in 2006 and projections for 2007 reach 400,000. These numbers don't include Marine squadrons that operate in Anbar Province, heliborne missions by private security contractors or those of the nascent Iraqi Air Force.

Given the official secrecy and lack of media interest, the human fallout of this one-sided air war is difficult to determine. One valuable source is the national cross-sectional cluster sample survey of mortality since the 2003 invasion, published in *The Lancet* last October. It used well-established survey methods that have proven accurate in conflict zones from Kosovo to Congo. Carried out by epidemiologists at Johns Hopkins University and Iraqi physicians organized through Baghdad's Mustansiriya University, the *Lancet* study estimated 655,000 "excess Iraqi deaths as a consequence of the war." The study also found that from March 2003 through June 2006, 13 percent of violent deaths were caused by coalition airstrikes. If the 655,000 figure, which includes more than 601,000 violent deaths, is accurate, this would mean that about 78,000 Iraqis had been killed by bomb, missile, rocket or cannon up to last June. There are indications that the air war has taken an especially grievous toll on Iraqi children. Figures provided by the *Lancet* study suggest that 50 percent of all violent deaths of Iraqi children under 15 in that same period were due to coalition airstrikes.

That an occupying power regularly conducts airstrikes in

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Dr. Steffanie Seaver PSY.D is an expert in the area of interpersonal relationships. Researcher, author and accomplished public speaker, she has lectured nationwide for over a decade. Dr. Seaver has also been involved with several publications covering relationship and lifestyle issues.

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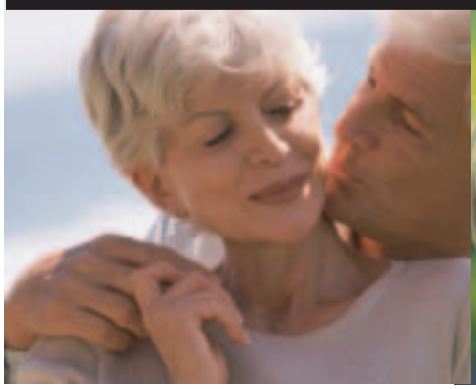

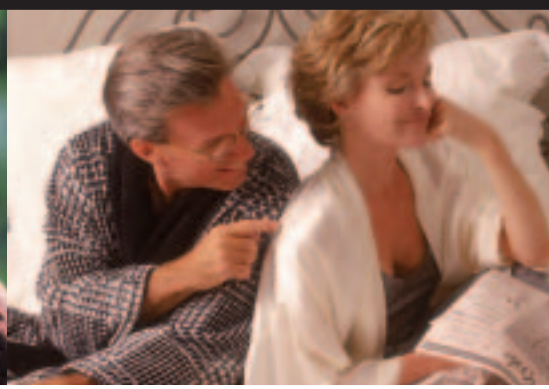

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and near dense population centers should have raised serious questions in the mainstream media; unfortunately, reports on the air war are sparse and mostly confined to regurgitations of military announcements. HRW's Garlasco notes, "Because of the lack of security, we've had no one on the ground for three years now, and so we have no way of knowing what's going on there." Les Roberts points out that in the first years of the war, more bombs were dropped by American planes than there were attacks by insurgents using roadside explosives and car bombs, yet we never saw evidence of this in the press. With the military unwilling to tell the truth and unable to provide the stability necessary for NGOs to operate, it falls to the media to begin ferreting out substantive information. It seems, however, that until reporters begin bypassing official US military pronouncements and locating Iraqi sources, we will remain largely in the dark regarding the secret and deadly US air war in Iraq. ■

NEOCLASSICAL ECONOMICS STILL REIGNS, BUT ITS CRITICS ARE GATHERING STEAM.

Hip Heterodoxy

CHRISTOPHER HAYES

It's a Friday night in January, and I am searching for a free drink among 9,000 economists. Every year a sizable portion of the nation's economists descend on some lucky city for the Allied Social Science Associations Annual Meeting, the economics field's largest gathering, a kind of carnival of suits and supply curves. Most academic disciplines have a similar annual convention, but no other can boast the same influence on American politics and policy—after all, Presidents don't appoint a council of anthropological advisers. It doesn't take long for mainstream academic thinking to become the foundation for the government's macroeconomic policy. In 1968 Milton Friedman, then president of the American Economics Association (AEA), devoted his presidential address to arguing against Keynesian meddling in the economy and for a monetary policy focused on restraining inflation. A decade later, his prescriptions would be largely adopted. In 2005 onetime Reagan adviser Martin Feldstein called for Social Security privatization just as Republicans in Washington were mobilizing (unsuccessfully) toward the same end.

KAREN CALDICOTT

This year's conference attendees are packed into the mammoth glass-and-brick Chicago Hyatt. On the second evening, I come across two receptions facing off across a basement hallway. If you wanted to get a sense of the status hierarchies of the profession, this was a perfect tableau. On one side, a reception in honor of the impending rebroadcast of the late Milton Friedman's famed miniseries *Free to Choose*, a wildly successful bit of laissez-faire propaganda now set to reach a new generation of unsuspecting blue-state audiences. The room is packed and festive, with several Nobel laureates milling about, chicken satay skewers available for noshing and an open bar. (A man behind me in line complains of the free drinks that "Milton wouldn't approve! Because we're not getting the true price of the drinks.") Across the hall, a reception hosted by the Economic Policy Institute (EPI), a left-liberal Washington think tank that advocates policies—higher minimum wage, easier paths to unionization, social insurance—that are in almost every detail the opposite of everything that Friedman stood for. In that room, perhaps thirty people gather, picking at the cheese cubes and shelling out $6 a drink at the cash bar. The EPI's Max Sawicky, an imposing presence with a long gray ponytail and growling voice, tells me the turnout is better than usual.

After grabbing a free drink in the Friedman reception, I strike up a conversation with economist Michael Perelman in the hallway. Balding, with long gray hair, he has the intense, unblinking mien of a self-published science fiction writer, or a former grad student of Timothy Leary's. Perelman, who is there for the EPI reception, works at the margins of the discipline; he is one of a few hundred self-described "heterodox" economists at the conference. His last book, *Railroading Economics*, was about the creation of the "free market mythology," and his next book is titled *The Confiscation of American Prosperity: From Right-Wing Extremism and Economic Ideology to the Next Great Depression*. I ask him about how he relates to the so-called mainstream of his profession. "It's a mafia," he says quietly, his eyes roving over to the suits spilling out of the *Freedom to Choose* room.

Mafia is probably a tad hyperbolic, but there is undoubtedly something of a code of *omertà* within the discipline. Just ask Alan Blinder and David Card. Blinder, a renowned Princeton economist and former Clinton economic adviser, has long been a zealous advocate of trade liberalization. But this past March, the *Wall Street Journal* ran a front-page article on Blinder's concerns about the massive dislocations that the current trade regime and outsourcing trends might bring for American workers. He suddenly found himself under fire from fellow economists for stepping out of line. Card, a highly esteemed economist at the University of California, Berkeley, caught flak for his heresy not on trade but on the minimum wage. In 1994 he conducted a study to see whether an increase in the minimum wage in New Jersey had the negative effect on employment that basic neoclassical theory would predict. He found it didn't. In fact, his regression analysis showed that, controlling for other factors, New Jersey gained fast-food jobs after increasing its minimum

Christopher Hayes, a senior editor at In These Times*, is a Puffin Foundation Writing Fellow at The Nation Institute.*

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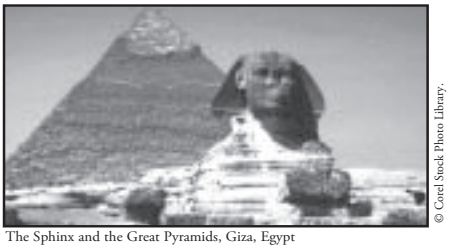

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The Sphinx and the Great Pyramids, Giza, Egypt

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wage, compared with Pennsylvania, which hadn't raised wages. The paper attracted a tremendous amount of attention and criticism, and Card himself largely abandoned working on the minimum wage. In a 2006 interview, he explained his decision to leave the topic behind this way: "I've subsequently stayed away from the minimum wage literature for a number of reasons. First, it cost me a lot of friends. People that I had known for many years, for instance, some of the ones I met at my first job at the University of Chicago, became very angry or disappointed. They thought that in publishing our work we were being traitors to the cause of economics as a whole."

As Card's and Blinder's experiences show, the "mafia" still flexes its muscles, but there are also signs that its hold on power is slipping. While the discipline remains dominated by a "neoclassical" consensus that is generally pro-market and suspicious of government intervention, an explosion of new research programs and methods have provided strong evidence that many of the pillars of that consensus rest on a foundation of sand. In fact, just before the reception, AEA president George Akerlof, a Nobel laureate as respected in the profession as they come, gave what was in many senses a radical address, attacking some of the discipline's most basic assumptions about what drives human economic behavior. (Three men standing near me in the Friedman reception had referred to it as "crap.")

For this reason, I had expected the mood at the EPI reception to be upbeat. But the crowd was desultory. Things in the field were opening up, Sawicky conceded, "but it doesn't matter much, if it's still dominated by a bunch of reactionaries." In other words, while the ideas of Sawicky and his heterodox colleagues may have moved into the mainstream, they themselves have not.

So extreme is the marginalization of heterodox economists, most people don't even know they exist. Despite the fact that as many as one in five professional economists belongs to a professional association that might be described as heterodox, the phrase "heterodox economics" has appeared exactly once in the *New York Times* since 1981. During that same period "intelligent design," a theory endorsed by not a single published, peer-reviewed piece of scholarship, has appeared 367 times.

It doesn't take much to call forth an impressive amount of bile from heterodox economists toward their mainstream brethren. John Tiemstra, president of the Association for Social Economics and a professor at Calvin College, summed up his feelings this way: "I go to the cocktail parties for my old schools, MIT and Oberlin, and people are all excited about *Freakonomics*. I kind of wince and go off to another corner or have another drink." After the EPI gathering, Peter Dorman, an economist at Evergreen State College with a gentle, bearded air, related an e-mail exchange he once had with Hal Varian, a well-respected Berkeley economist who's moderately liberal but firmly committed to the neoclassical approach. Varian wrote to Dorman that there was no point in presenting "both sides" of the debate about trade, because one side—the view that benefits from unfettered trade are absolute—was like astronomy, while any other view was like astrology. "So I told him I didn't buy the traditional trade theory," Dorman said. "'Was I an astrologer?' And he said yes!"

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The Birth of Orthodoxy

The term "heterodox"—like, say, "infidel"—is necessarily imprecise; it categorizes people by what they don't believe rather than what they do. In the case of heterodox economists, what they don't believe is the neoclassical model that anchors the economics profession. Classical economics refers to the theories laid out by Adam Smith and David Ricardo in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, which emphasized the power of the "invisible hand" of the market to promote the division of labor and economic growth. Smith famously summed up the recipe for prosperity as "peace, easy taxes, and a tolerable administration of justice," with "all the rest being brought about by the natural course of things."

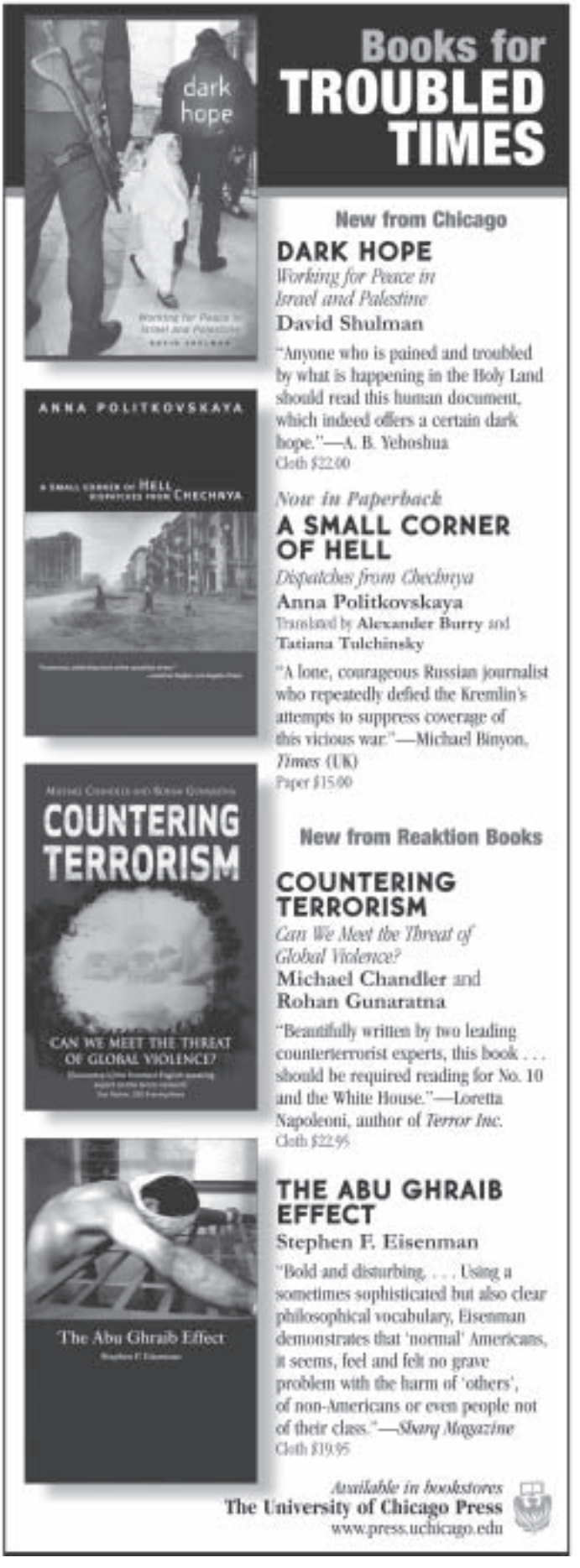
A hundred years after Smith, a group of "neoclassical" economists came along and added a few key features to his account, which continue to ground the field to this day—that humans are rational, utility-maximizing agents with fixed preferences, that they make decisions "at the margins" and that the mechanisms of supply and demand (operating free of government interference) will lead to a general equilibrium whereby resources are allocated efficiently.

That view dominated for the next sixty years until John Maynard Keynes came along in a period of global economic crisis and proposed a new way of looking at the economy, one focused on national economies as systems that were decidedly imperfect and prone to failure. In the wake of Keynes's work in the 1930s and '40s, economists had a problem on their hands. They had two models for how an economy worked: the neoclassical account of supply, demand and prices (microeconomics) and Keynes's account of the relationships among consumer demand, employment and money (macroeconomics). In the 1940s and '50s, a series of legendary economists formally fused the two, producing the "neoclassical synthesis." Many of the pioneers of this work, from Paul Samuelson to Kenneth Arrow, were famously liberal. But their work stressed the ways in which markets, functioning on their own without interference, tended to an interdependence described as "general equilibrium." In their wake came a parade of libertarian economists, like Milton Friedman and his Chicago School colleagues, who pushed the neoclassical model to leave Keynes behind completely, to fully embrace the logical extremes of a world of self-interested rational actors—a back-to-the-future gambit dubbed the "new classical" economics.

In terms of the implications for the relative value of market and nonmarket forces in allocating resources, the new classical view didn't differ substantially from Adam Smith's original contention. In the same way classical economics was born as a brief for laissez-faire capitalism, against the prevailing interventionist mercantilism of the day, the new classical model reaffirmed the value of markets in the wake of Keynes's critiques.

And it came to dovetail quite neatly with a worldview that has dominated the past thirty years of globalization, which Notre Dame heterodox economist David Ruccio succinctly summed up to me as one in which "markets, private property and minimal government will achieve maximum welfare."

But the neoclassical model didn't leave its mark only on economics. In an audacious burst of methodological imperialism, Chicago Schoolers like Gary Becker used the framework of ra-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tional individuals seeking to maximize their utility to analyze and explain everything from tax evasion to teen pregnancy. This laid the groundwork for the public discourse we have today, in which *Freakonomics* spends 101 weeks on the bestseller list and policymakers obsessively invoke "incentives" as the panacea for any given social problem. ("Incentive pay" for teachers! Give poor kids sneakers, and they'll be A students!) Indeed, the cradle for much of our policy discussions can be found in the first chapter of just about any introductory economics textbook, where the basic precepts of the neoclassical framework are described under the rubric of "thinking like an economist."

The problem, then, that heterodox economists face is that they are economists who don't "think like economists." Many point out that humans aren't rational, or not nearly as rational as the theory would have them be (and, further, that in the aggregate this creates market failures). Others point out that humans are social creatures, not individual agents, and their preferences and behaviors are forged by social structures: institutions, habits, social mores and culture all mediate and drive economic behavior. Others say that price and value aren't interchangeable and that prices don't arise from the simple intersection of supply and demand curves, while some argue that unequal power between different sectors of society affects how markets operate. Dissent from the mainstream of economics is not new; indeed, it's nearly as old as the profession itself. Marx was a kind of heterodox economist, as was Thorstein Veblen. John Kenneth Galbraith spent his whole life as an economic dissident, and the political ferment of the 1960s ushered in a relatively large class of radical economists who together founded the Union for Radical Political Economics, which exists to this day.

The problem that heterodox economists face is that they are economists who don't 'think like economists.'

In 2000 the economics graduate students at the École Normale Supérieure staged a mutiny, signing a manifesto that objected to the "autistic" economics they were being taught. "Too often," the students wrote, "the lectures leave no place for reflection. Out of all the approaches to economic questions that exist, generally only one is presented to us. This approach is supposed to explain everything by means of a purely axiomatic process, as if this were THE economic truth. We do not accept this dogmatism."

The rebellion spread across Europe and gave rise to a fairly vibrant Post-Autistic Economics movement in places like England and Germany. But in the United States, the Post-Autistic movement never caught fire, and dissident economists remain clustered in a handful of locations: the University of Utah; UMass, Amherst; the University of Missouri, Kansas City; The New School; Notre Dame; and in a few professional associations and journals. "We're between 5 and 10 percent in the academy," Frederic Lee, who edits the *Heterodox Economics Newsletter*, tells me. "That might be generous. It's not very much, but it would be like saying Jews only constitute 5 percent of Europe. Yeah, sure, after you slaughter 'em. The issue isn't that you're small—the issue is that you're there at all."

The chief complaint of heterodox economists is that the social hierarchy of the profession prevents their ideas from getting the hearing they deserve. Thomas Palley, a dissident economist who received his PhD from Yale and once worked for the AFL-CIO, says that many heterodox ideas "can't be rejected on scientific grounds. They meet all the tests of the profession—they don't meet tastes of the profession. So then you have to answer where the tastes come from."

As a parable of how the boundaries of "taste" and acceptability are enforced, the tale of Notre Dame's economics department is instructive. For the past few decades Notre Dame has had one of the few economics departments where grad students interested in non-mainstream topics could study and find advisers for their dissertations. But the faculty's heterodox focus froze it out of the top-ranked journals, which generally don't accept non-neoclassical work, and resulted in a low ranking. In the early part of the decade, as Notre Dame pushed to raise its national stature, the department's poor ranking came under increased scrutiny, and in 2002 a blue-ribbon committee was commissioned to make recommendations aimed at raising its reputation.

"They wanted a more highly ranked economics department as part of a more highly ranked university, and as long as we were eclectic we wouldn't do that," David Ruccio told me recently. Ruccio is one of the department's stars, a wildly popular professor who has been teaching intro economics to undergrads for twenty years. He specializes in postmodern economics and Latin American political economy. With his curly white hair and goatee, working-class inflection and ubiquitous Marlboros, he's the very model of the cool, rebellious professor. When I asked him if his wife was an economist, he was horrified: "Oh, God no!" he said. "She's an anthropologist."

Ruccio emerged as de facto spokesperson for his heterodox brethren at Notre Dame. The administration "made a number of threats to close down the program unless we published in the top five journals," he says. "We resisted that. They brought in an outside chair to punish us and then they…decided to create a new 'real department of economics' and make us the department of 'flaky economics.'" One department, which would focus on neoclassical economics, would get the name Department of Economics and Econometrics, as well as the money to hire several new tenure-track professors and the bulk of grad students, and the other, called the Department of Economics and Policy Studies, would be the home of the heterodox economists (who, it should be noted, constituted the majority of the department). Crucially, though, the heterodox department would be frozen out of the graduate student admissions process: Of the five-person graduate committee, four of the seats went to the neoclassical department.

"We opposed the split," Ruccio says with wearied agitation, "the college council opposed the split. Then through a series of machinations, the chair and the president of the university got the academic council to support it. It was very ugly. We know of no other situation in the world where this exists."

And how did they justify the split? "The official line was, These were—let me see if I get this right—'separate but equal.'"

Richard Jensen, the neoclassical chair of the department, defended the split as solely an issue of "standards." But it's pre-

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cisely the validity of those standards that's at issue. "They don't see themselves as cleansing alternative approaches," says Frederic Lee. "They simply see themselves as saying, This is good economics, and that's bad economics."

Of course, all disciplines set up boundaries, basic methodologies and ways of knowing and deny membership and recognition to those practitioners who work outside those boundaries. Doctors will say faith healers—or midwives, or acupuncturists—aren't engaging in medicine, and biologists routinely point out that intelligent design theorists aren't engaging in science. But at the same time some mainstream economists dismiss heterodox work as quackery, others claim that the mainstream has actually assimilated many of the heterodox critiques. (You'll note that these two responses, both fairly common, are also logically incompatible.) Economist and author Diane Coyle devotes much of her new book, *The Soulful Science*, to defending the field against charges of autism. "My years as a graduate student, 1981–85, saw the high water mark of neoclassical economics of the kind which is still the target of critics," she writes. "One of the reasons the tide turned is that the kind of models which became popular (especially among impressionable graduate students) in the late 1970s and the early '80s acted as a kind of reductio ad absurdum. The attempt to explain business-cycle fluctuations in growth and inflation as the equilibrium outcome of a model with identical, perfectly informed rational agents was, on just a little reflection, pretty silly."

In his keynote talk to the Association of Social Economists, environmental economist John Gowdy referred to this as the "Clint Eastwood defense: 'We ain't like that no more.'" But he then added that in some respects it was true. The mainstream, he said, has "gone beyond the free-market ideology. There's a wide variety of empirical work being published." The empirical work that Gowdy and other heterodox economists tend to cite most is that of behavioral economists, those who study how humans actually reason about economic decisions, calculate risk and respond to incentives. What they routinely find is that the rational utility maximizer of the neoclassical model is a convenient fiction. A growing literature shows humans to be systematically biased in their calculations of risk, disposed to punish antisocial behavior, even at a cost to themselves. By creating a framework for empirically testing one of the founding axioms of the field, behavioral economics has opened a space for dissenters that can get a hearing from the mainstream. If you were to draw an intellectual Venn diagram of mainstream and heterodox economics, the behavioral economists would be in the intersecting section.

But despite the fact that much of their work is devoted to upending *Homo economicus*, the behavioralists have achieved widespread mainstream acceptance. Daniel Kahneman, who helped establish the field along with his late colleague Amos Tversky, won the Nobel Prize for his work in 2002. So then one has to ask, Just what set of characteristics defines what gets to be called "mainstream economics"? And the answer can seem maddeningly circular: Mainstream economics isn't defined so much by some limited set of ideas or approaches. Mainstream economics is that work done by mainstream economists and published in mainstream journals.

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The More Things Change…

Back at the AEA, the strange, vexed relationship between the margins and mainstream was everywhere apparent: Heterodox ideas weren't hard to find, but heterodox economists were still consigned to their ghettos. At 10:15 on the second day, I headed down to a dreary and near-hidden room in the subbasement of the Hyatt for "Plural Agency and Plural Subjects within Economics." There were not many people there. In fact, the only people who'd shown up were the presenters themselves. After waiting a few minutes to "give people a chance to find the room" the event started, and since it would have been a bit awkward for the panelists to sit and face an empty room, they opted instead to sit in the audience and listen while their co-panelist presented. John Davis, a professor of economics at Marquette, gave a talk that laid out a conception of human economic agents not as simple unified selves but as "diverse and heterogeneous."

After Davis's talk I went upstairs to catch a talk from a friend of mine, a bright young mainstream economist named Jesse Shapiro. The room was far easier to find and significantly more populated. Shapiro's co-author was presenting an experiment they'd just done to investigate how people evaluated the trade-offs between getting a certain amount of money immediately and waiting a short time (a week) for more money. In attempting to understand the different preferences, they used a model of agents with two distinct selves: a long-run self and short-run self, and posited that those with more developed "long-run selves" were the ones who'd wait the week for the extra money.

Here were economists with impeccable mainstream credentials, up-and-comers in the field offering an account of human agents with "multiple selves." And while the methodology was quite different from Davis's, the fundamental concept at the heart of both papers was the same: The human economic agent is not the unified entity neoclassical theory has held her to be. Downstairs, there had been no one around to hear Davis deliver his small bit of heresy; two floors above, it seemed to cause no stir at all. Shapiro didn't find this surprising. "The field is getting much more empirical," he tells me matter-of-factly.

A month after the conference, I went to talk more with David Ruccio in his Hyde Park apartment. He'd just returned from Brazil, glowing about a country where you could smoke indoors: "There is no repression here!" one of his hosts had told him when he asked if he could light up. Ruccio laughed and lit a cigarette, sitting next to a fireplace. I laid out for him my impressions of the AEA conference: If the mainstream itself is opening up, molting the restrictive *Homo economicus* and general equilibrium casing, then is the field changing? And does that mean that the worldview of neoliberalism, and market fetishistic policy prescriptions, are losing the important intellectual bedrock in which they are grounded?

Ruccio wasn't quite buying it. "There's a fracturing taking place," he conceded. "It's very hard to put your thumb on what neoclassical economics is. And yeah, there are new research agendas, but what gets taught at every institution in the country from undergraduate to graduate is the same utility-maximizing story. The teaching remains the same, and the policies remain the same."

He continued, "Some of the critiques, as has always been the case, are integrated in some fashion. They take in the critique in order to change the model but not upset the model." Behavioral economists, for example, don't generally argue for abandoning the general equilibrium model, instead choosing to see their work as adding "frictions" to it. "It's what drives people like me crazy," Ruccio went on. "Because the more disturbing questions are ignored—unequal power or exploitation, those critiques never come in. They say, Look, we've changed. And we look and say, No, you haven't."

'Shoots of Spring'

No one would call Berkeley's George Akerlof a heterodox economist, but his ideas have always been iconoclastic. Back in the 1960s, he noticed that there was something systematically wrong with the market for used cars. His insight was that the problem was "asymmetric information"; the dealer knew if the car was a lemon, and you didn't. Initially no journal would accept his paper "The Market for Lemons," but eventually it was published to much acclaim, and asymmetric information was recognized as a serious breakthrough. He shared the 2001 Nobel Prize for his work on the topic.

Akerlof's AEA address was titled "The Missing Motivation in Macroeconomics," and its purpose was to argue that the basic theory of human behavior upon which neoclassical economics rests is incomplete and that the incompleteness leads to a host of theoretical errors. The "missing motivation" of the title were social norms, people's conceptions of how they should act, which Akerlof argued played a central role in people's economic activity. Once these social norms are integrated into economic theory, Akerlof argued, many of the anti-Keynesian arguments made by Friedman and his ilk begin to fall apart. "The Keynesians based their models on their observation of motivations," Akerlof notes, "rather than on abstract derivations. If there is a difference between real behavior and behavior derived from abstract preferences, New Classical economics has no way to pick up those differences. In contrast, models with norms based on observation will systematically incorporate such behavior." Writing in the *New York Times*, Louis Uchitelle said the talk could "push prevailing economic theory further away from the free market approach that has generally held sway for the last four decades."

If the heterodox economists were nonplussed or only grudgingly positive about the speech, many mainstream economists weren't psyched about it either. NYU's Mark Gertler told Uchitelle that Akerlof was "stepping out of line," and one Chicago School economist I e-mailed said he "hated it" and added that it had made one of his colleagues "depressed."

The word "depressed" caught my eye. You only get depressed by something you disagree with if you think others are going to find it persuasive—that is, if you think that the pendulum isn't swinging your way.

"There's a recognition that it's pretty hard to believe in the rational expectations and equilibria which were sold to students in the 1980s, when you had to read them, and not only read them but send them up as your benchmark," Thomas Palley, the former AFL-CIO economist, told me. "In 1983 there were more voices and more possibility, but the world was closing. Now we're coming from a black hole and there are shoots of spring." ■

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

An African Solution

ANDREW RICE

THE INVISIBLE CURE: Africa, the West, and the Fight Against AIDS.
By Helen Epstein.
Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 326 pp. $26.

28: Stories of AIDS in Africa.
By Stephanie Nolen.
Walker. 375 pp. $25.95.

One afternoon in the fall of 2005, I was sitting at an outdoor cafe along a pleasant tree-lined street in Kampala, the capital of Uganda, flipping through the local newspaper, when the sight of an old friend's face stopped me cold. I'd lived in Uganda for two years in the early part of the decade, but I'd been gone for a while, and I'd been wondering what had become of him, an attorney in his 50s. I'd known him as an insightful and opinionated man. When we'd last met, many months before, we'd talked about his country's contentious democracy and his hopes for a new project he'd started, a legal fund to assist the victims of Uganda's past dictators. Now I saw my friend's distinguished face at the center of a black-bordered newspaper announcement, above a quote from Thomas Paine and the legend: "Loved and Remembered By Your Entire Family."

It had just started to rain, and Ali, my regular newspaper hawker, sat down at the table to wait out the storm beneath the cover of the cafe's awning. Ali had known the lawyer too. I pointed to the death notice. "Oh, yes, it was very sad," Ali said. "He was sick."

I understood what Ali was trying to tell me. In Uganda, you heard it all the time. When the foreign minister took ill and died, the local journalists whispered, "He was sick." When my neighbor, an economics professor, started acting strangely, hiring a witch doctor to make him potions, his nephew confided, "Uncle is sick." When my former housekeeper, a shy young born-again woman, began wasting away before my eyes, anyone could tell she was sick. I helped her buy medicine, but she was dead by Christmastime. The word "sick" is a euphemism Ugandans use when they want to say "AIDS." About 91,000 Ugandans died of the disease in 2005, the last year for which data are available, and estimates say a million people there are infected with HIV, the virus that causes it. In the United States, a country with ten times the population of Uganda, AIDS kills roughly one-sixth as many people each year.

As an American who grew up in the 1980s, I remember a time when this was supposed to be our future, not just Africa's. Back then, in the first years after AIDS burst out of the bathhouses of New York and San Francisco, a sense of terror gripped this country. Rock Hudson died, the Surgeon General issued grave warnings and a generation of gym teachers were issued dildos and condoms and pressed into service as safe-sex educators. Today those fears seem quaint, like the cold war–era films where students were instructed to take cover from nuclear attacks under their desks. Predictions that the disease would spread widely among heterosexuals in the United States have so far proved mercifully wrong. Antiretroviral drugs have turned HIV into a manageable—though still incurable—condition. More than fifteen years after announcing his HIV diagnosis, Magic Johnson is developing real estate and looks a lot healthier than Larry Bird.

Africa is suffering from an AIDS epidemic of immense proportions. But there is reason for hope, and it lies with Africans themselves.

For all our worrying, the "HIV rate in the United States never exceeded one percent," Helen Epstein writes in her new book, *The Invisible Cure*. "At first, some UN officials predicted that HIV would spread rapidly in the general population of Asia and eastern

Andrew Rice has reported from Africa for The Nation, The New Republic *and other magazines. He is currently at work on a book about Uganda for Metropolitan.*

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Europe, but the virus has been present in these regions for decades and such extensive spread has never occurred." Sub-Saharan Africa is a different story. In some countries there, well over 30 percent of adults younger than 50 are thought to be infected with HIV. To appreciate the scale of the epidemiological disaster, consider this: Heart disease, the leading cause of death in the United States, killed some 650,000 Americans in 2004. If AIDS had hit this country as hard as it has Zimbabwe or Botswana, 3–4 million Americans would be dying of AIDS every year.

This is an immense crisis, and the developed world, to its credit, has roused its conscience. Bono, Madonna and Oprah have lent their famous monomials to initiatives meant to halt the disease's spread and soothe its consequences. Warren Buffett and Bill Gates have pledged their fortunes to the search for a vaccine and other vital research. Bill Clinton has made the continent's AIDS epidemic a focus of his post-presidential philanthropy. President Bush, not to be outdone, has promised $15 billion to fight AIDS in Africa, an initiative that for all its many weaknesses does represent "the biggest international health intervention ever attempted," journalist Stephanie Nolen writes in her book *28: Stories of AIDS in Africa*. Yet for all these worthy efforts, the disease kills an estimated 5,500 Africans a day. Though Africa is the poorest continent, and certainly the least healthy one, its uncommon vulnerability to AIDS can't simply be explained by lack of wealth or access to medicine. Indeed, one lesson a reader takes away from the two books under review is that the epidemic is egalitarian: It kills the children of African farmers, businessmen and presidents alike.

In 1987, at the most panicked juncture of America's AIDS epidemic, journalist Randy Shilts published *And the Band Played On*, the finest piece of journalism ever written about this—and maybe any—disease. To date, no book on the African epidemic has managed to capture it so masterfully. In part, that's because most of them have been written by outsiders who can scarcely aspire to understand a foreign continent the way Shilts, one of America's first openly gay reporters, knew Castro Street. But the early AIDS epidemic also lends itself to a very traditional kind of narrative: It's a detective story in which doctors, scientists and gay rights activists scramble to identify and stop a killer. In their books on Africa, Epstein and Nolen must describe a far murkier state of affairs. Their contribution is to ask: Why is AIDS so difficult to stop in Africa, and why is our society, the richest and most technologically sophisticated in the world, unable to save Africans as we have ourselves? The story makes grim reading; it's a mystery to which there may be no solution.

Over the years, many medical researchers have tried to solve this deadly conundrum. Some point to biology, some to behavior and some to just plain bad luck. The inquiry, however, has been hindered by the nature of the disease. "AIDS is not an event, or a series of them; it's a mirror held up to the cultures and societies we build," Nolen writes in her introduction. "The pandemic, and how we respond to it, forces us to confront the tricky issues of sex and drugs and inequity." Moreover, in Africa it has required the international public health community—a group that's largely European and American, and therefore white—to address the sexuality of black people, an issue fraught with racial and colonial overtones. Some African leaders, notably South Africa's President Thabo Mbeki, are so sensitive to seeing their people stereotyped as lustful savages that they've given a platform to fringe scientists who deny that AIDS is sexually transmitted. The public health community, on the other hand, sometimes overcompensates, policing unconventional thoughts about the disease's origin and spread with the vigor of Soviet-era commissars. Writers who run afoul of this orthodoxy risk vituperative attacks. This is why I suspect the great AIDS book yet to come will be written by an African, and will probably be a novel, perhaps a satirical one.

It takes a great deal of confidence to name a book about this disease *The Invisible Cure*. Luckily, Helen Epstein has a compelling thesis, and she explains it in lucid, sometimes extraordinary, prose. She has clearly benefited from a literary upbringing: Her parents, Barbara and Jason Epstein, were co-founders of *The New York Review of Books*, and several of her chapters first appeared as essays in that magazine. But she is also a molecular biologist, though seemingly a disillusioned one. With unstinting self-awareness, Epstein describes how, in the early 1990s, she went to Uganda to search for a "magic bullet," a scientific answer to the disease: an HIV vaccine. She was so enthusiastic that she paid her own way on the trip. "I felt like a pioneer," she writes. "The hour of the lone scientist following his or her imagination into the unlit corners of nature is passing." In the end, Epstein's imagination didn't lead her to a breakthrough, and her faith in scientific solutions waned. (In fact, HIV mutates so quickly that some experts now doubt whether it is even possible to engineer an effective vaccine.) But she did acquire a healthy skepticism for the pieties of humanitarian work as she toiled in labs alongside better-funded colleagues. "I was just a hitchhiker, and as hitchhikers sometimes do, I became a little arrogant," she writes. "Hitchhikers live cynical, parasitic existences, but sometimes they see the landscape more clearly than drivers."

The landscape of Uganda in the early 1990s was far different from the one I encountered a decade later. At the time Epstein arrived there, the country was recovering from two decades of tyranny and civil war, and people were dying of AIDS in numbers far greater than today. Uganda was the first country in Africa to feel the full force of the epidemic, which first emerged in the fishing villages ringing Lake Victoria in the late 1970s. (The origin of the virus, which probably crossed the species barrier from monkeys to humans less than a century ago, is another great mystery. Epstein speculates that it might have been inadvertently spread by colonial-era vaccination campaigns.) By the early 1990s, it was estimated that one-third of all adults in Kampala were HIV positive. The disease seemed to strike the very people a rebuilding society could least afford to lose: university students, their professors, lawyers, journalists and especially doctors.

"Then something remarkable occurred," Epstein writes. In the early '90s, unbeknownst to anyone else in Uganda at the time, the rate of HIV prevalence began to fall. At first, it seemed like a fluke. But Uganda's prevalence rate kept plummeting, from 30 percent to 20 percent to less than 10 percent, where it remains today. People called it a "miracle," and wondered what Ugandans were doing right, because elsewhere in Africa the virus was still spreading exponentially. Epstein had an idea, but she didn't yet recognize its significance. "Back then I was still subject to magic bullet thinking—the idea that serious public health problems could be addressed without considering their social and political causes," she writes. "The Ugandans seemed to know better, but their message was lost on me."

What was Uganda's secret? In public health circles, the argument continues to this day. There are basically three theories. One says the secret was in the statistics. The early estimates that 30 percent of the population had HIV may have been overstated, and the subsequent drop might be explained by the cold fact that infected people were dying. A second theory says the secret was on the billboards. In the 1990s, advertisements promoting condom brands called Lifeguard and Protector appeared all over the country, with the support of Uganda's youthful president, Yoweri Museveni, who urged his people to set aside the traditional value

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Lengths

1

Evening succeeds evening.

Demons discourse
on familiar topics.

They describe a wraith's response
to a description.

"I think he was signaling."

One night
differs from all other nights

through their deployment
of synonyms.

"Craft a way forward."

"Get out ahead
of this
with his plan."

2

Aren't you exhausted,

you green spear, you
peel-back purple?

All divided
column,

all split hair,

mirrored and re-
counted for.

You've been crossing
every
with *only*,

going to any
mandible
or bud

Rae Armantrout

placed on having large families. The third theory says the secret was in the bedroom. It's commonly believed that Africans, many of whom come from cultures that practice polygamy, are relaxed about sexual mores and promiscuity, at least of the heterosexual variety. But the fear of AIDS, this theory suggests, forced them to change their behavior.

Epstein finds each of these explanations wanting. If the prevalence of HIV in Uganda was dropping just because deaths from AIDS were outpacing new infections, why hasn't this pattern repeated itself elsewhere in Africa? It's hard to measure condom use—in the average sexual encounter, only two people really know what happened—but anyway, Epstein writes, it appears Uganda's infection rate was falling before the marketing campaigns began. (And even with all the AIDS deaths, the country's population has almost doubled since 1990, which suggests that birth control has not exactly caught on.) As for the notion that Africans are more promiscuous, studies indicate that the average Ugandan has sex with fewer people over the course of a lifetime than the average American.

So something else was going on. "Because HIV prevalence in Africa is highest among heterosexual men and women, most people suspected it must have something to do with sex," Epstein writes. "But what were Africans doing differently?"

When it comes to African culture, there may be no word more charged than "polygamy." It brings to mind those titillated travelogues by Victorian explorers, with their descriptions of bare-breasted women and chiefs in leopard skins. But this is how polygamy usually works in contemporary Africa. I have a Ugandan friend—I'll call him David—whose father is a well-off merchant. When David was a young man, his father was often away from home on business trips. When he got a little older, David discovered that there was another reason for his father's absences: He'd taken up with a younger woman. David's mother knew, and she was furious, but there wasn't much she could do. Ugandan divorce laws are skewed against women, and she and her children depended on her husband's income. David's parents stayed together, and his father's second wife, and second life, was never mentioned around the house. When David reached adulthood, he decided he wanted to meet his half-siblings, and they cautiously got to know one another. But some tension remains between the two sides of the family over David's father's money and favor. It's a messy, emotionally difficult arrangement—one that might not seem entirely unfamiliar to many "blended" American families.

There is an important difference, though, and Epstein believes it explains Africa's exceptional susceptibility to AIDS. Americans tend to leave one relationship for the next. Ugandans—or, rather, Ugandan men—don't have to choose. Another way of describing this phenomenon is to say that Europeans and Americans typically have lovers consecutively, while Africans—men and women alike—are commonly involved in several overlapping relationships. Studies have found that such "concurrent or simultaneous sexual partnerships are far more dangerous than serial monogamy," Epstein writes, "because they link people up in a giant web of sexual relationships that creates ideal conditions for the rapid spread of HIV." In any given sexual encounter, an HIV-positive person has around a 1-in-100 chance of passing on the virus. That's a long shot in the context of a one-off tryst with a prostitute, but extended over the course of an enduring relationship, the chance of infection rises to near-certainty. Also, in many African cultures, men are not circumcised, which considerably increases their vulnerability. (Recent studies suggest this simple procedure cuts in half a man's risk of infection.) Epstein produces a series of charts that the reader can view like a flip book, showing how a single case of HIV can spread through a network of concurrent relationships in just a few months.

In the early years of the epidemic in Africa, much of the medical community's response was geared toward intervening with so-called high-risk groups: truckers who crisscrossed the continent; migrants who toiled in South African mines; the bar girls and prostitutes who serviced them. As the role of concurrency came to be understood, the true perversity of the epidemic revealed itself. In Africa, the biggest risk factor is trust.

Whatever the "invisible cure" might have been—and Epstein has an interesting hypothesis—it's fairly certain that Ugandans came up with it themselves. "It seemed to me that what mattered most was something for which public-health experts had no name," Epstein writes. "It is best described as a social movement characterized by a shared sense of humanity, collective action, and mutual aid that is impossible to quantify or measure." That sounds a bit nebulous, and the fuzziness points to a weakness in her book: It's better at analyzing societies than describing individuals. In a way, she's made an understandable authorial choice: The world doesn't need another book that caricatures helpless African victims. But social movements are made of people, of millions of solitary commitments born of personal experience and tragedy.

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By John Fleming

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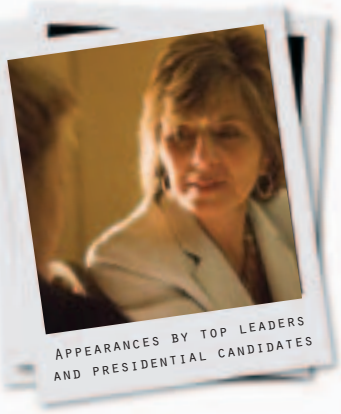

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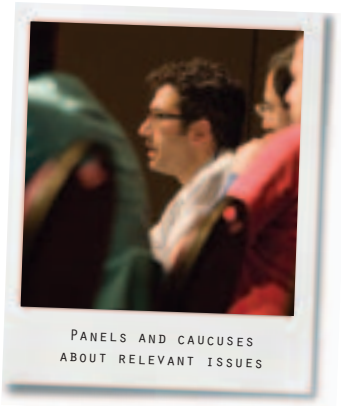

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Stephanie Nolen's book shows how AIDS is affecting Africans in their everyday lives, and gives us some idea of the form Epstein's social movement might take. Nolen presents brief profiles of twenty-eight people, a number she chose because 28 million Africans are estimated to be living with HIV. A South Africa–based correspondent for the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, Nolen has traveled widely around the continent, interviewing everyone from Nelson Mandela to shantytown prostitutes. She is an evocative and empathetic writer, and her journalism doesn't succumb to the affliction of so much other writing about Africa, the tendency to reduce people to categories that fit the reader's, and the author's, preconceptions: corrupt or honest, victim or killer, sinner or saint. When Nolen rides shotgun with an HIV-positive long-haul trucker who claims to have bedded 100,000 women, she doesn't condemn him to her readers; she just lets him tell his tale.

The people introduced here give one a sense of the breadth of the epidemic. They're not exactly representative, though; a more descriptive title for Nolen's book might have been *The Exceptions*. All of the people she interviews meet two conditions: First, they're alive, and second, they're willing to talk frankly about AIDS, which in Africa is unusual. "*Stigma* is one of the most used words in the AIDS pandemic, a two-syllable shorthand for the shame and fear that cling to this disease," Nolen writes. There is "a particular distaste saved for those diseases where the sick are viewed as the authors of their own misfortune, and a particular shame that comes with a disease most often transmitted by sex."

Consequently, Nolen's profile subjects are largely a self-selected group. Many are HIV-positive people who have started advocacy groups, or who work for Western nongovernmental organizations. You get the feeling you might run into a couple of them crossing the lobby of the Nairobi Hilton the next time the UN holds an AIDS conference there. But Nolen is such a gifted writer that her book transcends its limitations. To read the stories of Malawi's Alice Kadzanja, a nurse who contracted HIV from her husband, a philandering college administrator; or Zimbabwe's Prisca Mhlolo, who lost her husband and her daughter and was shunned by her family because AIDS "was a disease for prostitutes"; or Uganda's Gideon Byamugisha, an Anglican priest who admits he "did some good things…and failed in some" in relating how he passed HIV on to his late wife, is to see Helen Epstein's thesis about concurrency brought to life. The book's finest moments, however, are the ones that take Nolen by surprise: An AIDS counselor she knows in Zambia tests positive; a little girl she met in Johannesburg dies. When her dreadlocked artist friend Thokozani, who's told her he always uses condoms, finds out he has the virus, she reflects:

> At first I used to marvel at it—at why people have gone on making such choices in defiance of what might seem like the most basic survival instinct. But in talking to [Thokozani], I realized that it's not, in the end, so hard to understand. Infection rates are much higher here than in, say, Canada and France, but the variables that go into decisions about love and sex and intimacy, those are no different here. People have sex without condoms because it feels good to say you trust someone that much—or because there is a particular pleasure that comes in taking risks. Or, my friend points out, just because it feels nice. We all do things we know we shouldn't—especially when we're in love, or filled with lust, or lonely.

As it happens, Epstein believes that recognizing human nature was the key to Uganda's early success in bringing the HIV infection rate under control. She contrasts contemporary South Africa, with its culture of denial that extends up to the president, with Uganda in the early 1990s. Back then, every Ugandan was talking about AIDS: the president, newspaper columnists, taxicab drivers. People started support organizations, and churches got involved. The most successful program, Epstein argues, was a local initiative called Zero Grazing (Ugandans favor cattle metaphors). "Zero Grazing was a compromise," she writes, "and its real message was this: 'Try to stick to one partner, but if you have to keep your long-term mistresses, concubines and extra wives, at least avoid short-term casual encounters with bar girls and prostitutes.'"

At the same time, the AIDS crisis also galvanized Uganda's women's rights movement. In Africa, many women are stuck in "transactional" relationships with men, relying on their money and lacking power to demand faithfulness. In the early 1990s, "women were being urged to keep their daughters in school, start small businesses, and challenge laws and practices that discriminated against women," Epstein writes. The activists also used the Zero Grazing campaign as ammunition to confront men about their behavior: "In bars and discos that were once mobbed with men and single women, men now sat drinking among themselves." The number of people reporting casual sexual partners dropped. This "part-

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ner reduction" strategy worked, Epstein says, because such casual encounters served as "on-ramps" through which HIV entered concurrent-relationship networks.

If Zero Grazing was as successful as Epstein says, you'd think international organizations would have paid to reproduce the campaign all over the continent. But they didn't—for reasons that are once again more about our preconceptions than Africa's needs. On the one hand, Western conservatives couldn't stomach a program that countenanced polygamy. On the other—and Epstein doesn't explicitly make this connection—the early 1990s coincided with a huge homegrown evangelical revival in Uganda, and many of the loudest women's rights activists were also born-again Christians. This association made many Western liberals—the type who work for organizations like the UN—quite uncomfortable. "There was a sense that promoting fidelity must be totally wrong if it was a message favored by the Christian Right," the former head of one humanitarian group told Epstein.

Near the end of her book, Epstein notes with some sadness that Zero Grazing is now a museum piece. These days, Uganda's approach to AIDS is ruled by pieties—both religious and secular. The locally devised programs of fifteen years ago have been replaced by a bland package of somewhat conflicting strategies known by the acronym ABC: abstain, be faithful, use a condom. The Bush Administration and the evangelicals push A, the public health community stresses C and no one pays much attention to B, because there's no money in nuance. Meanwhile, on the strength of its "miracle," Uganda has become an AIDS pilgrimage spot. "The big hotels in the capital play host to a perpetual round of AIDS-related conferences and workshops, and the streets are jammed with the vehicles of AIDS NGOs," Epstein writes.

The influx of money has brought profiteers, both white and black. A recent investigation revealed massive corruption in the Ugandan Health Ministry's administration of grants from the Global Fund to Fight AIDS, Tuberculosis and Malaria. That's just the beginning of the graft. And yet for all the many millions flowing in, HIV prevalence rates have not fallen much since the year 2000. Men aren't sitting alone at bars anymore, and statistics suggest that casual sex may once again be on the rise. For a fleeting moment, in a time of unimaginable tragedy, Ugandans found it within themselves to fight this epidemic. But AIDS has a way outlasting vigilance. It's a disease of human fallibility, and for that there is no cure. ■

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The Doctor Stories

LIZZY RATNER

BETTER: A Surgeon's Notes on Performance. By Atul Gawande. Metropolitan. 273 pp. $24.
FINAL EXAM: A Surgeon's Reflections on Mortality. By Pauline W. Chen. Knopf. 267 pp. $23.95.

In 1925, at the glorious, brutal height of roaring '20s excess, Sinclair Lewis introduced a new kind of protagonist to the American literary imagination: the tortured, truth-seeking medical hero. He named this hero (who he insisted was not actually a hero) Dr. Martin Arrowsmith, and gave him his own novel, *Arrowsmith*, the story of the young doctor's struggle to navigate the competing forces of idealism and greed, curing and commercialism. Written with characteristic flashes of satire, the book captured the excruciating contradictions of its era's medical moment—the promise of life-saving treatments for pneumonia and plague mixed with the consuming pressures of business—and won its author a Pulitzer Prize. Lewis turned down the award—as a satirist and social critic, he felt he could not in good conscience (or any conscience, really) accept a prize intended to honor the book that best presented "the wholesome atmosphere of American life, and the highest standard of American manners and manhood." But he left a lingering portrait of an era in which the Gospel of Ford, with its tenets of commerce and competition, first began to overtake the sacred disciplines of science and medicine.

Eight decades later, a group of prominent doctor-writers—among them Sherwin Nuland, Jerome Groopman and Atul Gawande—has resurrected Lewis's fascination with the truth-seeking physician and ushered in a new era of medical criticism. Today's doctor-authors tell vivid stories of the contradiction between the doctors they had once dreamed of being and the ones they have since become—the very contradiction that plagued Lewis's hero. But unlike *Arrowsmith*, their stories touch only lightly on the themes of greed and commercialism, and speak not at all of issues like HMOs or universal healthcare (subjects Lewis might have spun into glistening satirical threads). Instead, they focus on the threat posed to medicine by the modern medical industry's cult of technology, emphasis on action and obsession with quick-fix procedures. In the face of a fast-paced, algorithm-obsessed medical culture, they ask how a doctor can go about the business—or is it the art?—of doctoring. How does a physician heal rather than just treat?

Atul Gawande, the Harvard-trained surgeon, writer and medical golden boy, thinks he has the answer. He certainly has the résumé, and media savvy, to make *other people* think he has the answer. At 41, Gawande is a general surgeon at the respected Brigham and Women's Hospital in Boston, an assistant professor at Harvard Medical School, a staff writer for *The New Yorker* and a regular contributor to *The New England Journal of Medicine*. He is also a former Rhodes scholar and 2006 MacArthur fellow—or "genius"—who, like his colleague Malcolm Gladwell, has managed to parlay his success and savoir-faire into demi-celebrity status. His books and articles have a tendency to feel less like dialogues between peers or with interested patients than guides for other MDs, how-to tracts advising them on how they too "might make a worthy difference."

His latest thoughts on making a difference—which he also refers to as achieving "success in medicine"—are laid out in his new book, *Better: A Surgeon's Notes on Performance*. As the title suggests, *Better* is about what it takes to become a "better" clinician—to go beyond the purely doctorly skills that make a physician competent (skills like "canny diagnosis, technical prowess, and some ability to empathize") to the skills that make a physician outstanding. Gawande has identified three of these magical skills, or the "core requirements" necessary "for success in medicine—or in any endeavor that involves risk and responsibility." They are "diligence," "doing right" and "ingenuity," and he dedicates his book to teasing them apart in chapters on everything from the life-saving importance of hand-washing (vigilance) to the ethics of participating in prison executions (doing right—or, in this case, not doing right) to the creation of the Apgar score for assessing the health of newborn babies (ingenuity).

In a world in which doctors are called upon to do ever more in ever shorter periods of time; in which radiologists read slides for as many as 25,000 cases a year and a surgeon like Gawande cuts into as many as 350 patients; in which it's easy even for someone of Gawande's stature to feel like a "white-coated cog in a machine," a doctor's best chances for "success," he argues, come from obsessively honing these three "core" traits—or, quite simply, from "the drive to do better."

"Betterment is a perpetual labor," he writes in his introduction, sounding something like a Protestant schoolmarm or, perhaps, an inspirational business guru. This message gets additional plugs throughout the book from the introduction to the afterword, as when Gawande urges his readers to "make a science of performance" and when he cites five recommendations for how medical students can themselves become "positive deviants." They are: Ask an unscripted question, don't complain, count something, write something and, vaguely yet boldly, "change" (by becoming an "early adopter," as the business buffs might say).

If all of this sounds a bit pat or corporate, a bit like a self-help manual for the aspirational MD, that's because it is. Like the author's friend Gladwell, who receives a "thank you" in the acknowledgments for his contributions to the book, Gawande has perfected the art of couching business-management-style messages in compelling, vigorous prose. He has loaded his book with lofty-sounding ambitions, but no matter how sharp the writing, the ultimate result is banal, a plea not to make a better system but to make better selves to fit the system.

This is not to say that the book does not have its moments, even its merits. Gawande explores some fascinating subjects in his attempt to understand how doctors "succeed"—subjects that include an exploration of how an understaffed band of military doctors has managed to save a greater percentage of soldiers' lives than in any previous US war. And he calls attention to some of the mixed-up funding priorities of today's medical culture, in which pharmaceutical companies pump streams of money into developing dazzling new cancer vaccines and decoding the genome but hospitals scrimp on efforts that could save tens of thousands of lives a year simply by forcing doctors and nurses to wash their hands more frequently. (Hospital infections, which are often transported by poorly washed hands, kill some 90,000 patients a year in this country, far more than the number of

Lizzy Ratner is a reporter at the New York Observer.

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people who die from breast and prostate cancer combined.)

Still, the chapters of Gawande's book don't quite add up to a larger whole. The project seems ad hoc, as if he'd simply strung the pieces of *Better* together by using a convenient motivational theme. This is not altogether surprising, since, in a sense, Gawande did string the book together—or at least large chunks of it—molding articles he had already written for *The New Yorker* and *The New England Journal of Medicine* into a bound product. This product is proficient, as is everything Gawande does. But for all his awards and plaudits, perhaps he could have done better than writing a how-to primer for the high-performing physician.

Pauline Chen does do better. A 42-year-old transplant surgeon who most recently held a faculty position at UCLA, she is, at first blush, Gawande's West Coast female double. Like Gawande, she has won her share of awards and accolades—she was named Outstanding Physician of the Year by UCLA in 1999 and was a finalist for a 2006 National Magazine Award for a piece in the *Virginia Quarterly Review* called "Dead Enough? The Paradox of Brain Death"—and she too has recently published a treatise on doctoring, *Final Exam: A Surgeon's Reflections on Mortality*. But while Gawande's book feels meandering and at times thin, Chen's elegant medical memoir offers a series of extended meditations on mortality—and by extension humanity—that stay with you long after you've finished the book. Like the story of little Max, for example.

When Chen was still a young surgeon rising through the ranks of elite fellowships, she became obsessed for a time with a hapless patient named Max. Max was just a baby, but he was a sickly little thing, born with a horrific birth defect that seemed to have been dreamed up by a deeply disturbed soul—a "gaping" hole in his abdominal wall that required pediatric surgeons to remove nearly all of his bowels within hours of his birth. When, after four months, his overburdened teenage mother gave up custody of him, Chen and colleagues became his de facto medical guardians—and torturers.

They never meant to be. Like all good doctors, they had made a vow to do no harm, to avoid "those twin traps of overtreatment and therapeutic nihilism," as the modern Hippocratic oath puts it. But along the way they had become "bound" to their technology, as Chen later reflected, and "despite inklings of self-doubt" felt compelled to make use of the tools science had provided them. So they kept at it, poking, prodding and transplanting through half a dozen surgeries that left the surface of Max's belly raw and gangrenous, his body invaded by infection. When he finally died, a nurse told Chen, "Maybe it was a good thing, huh? I mean, how much can you do to a person?"

The story of baby Max haunts the pages of *Final Exam*. In a book full of distressing tales, it is among the most disturbing, an object lesson in the seductive dangers of practicing medicine for medicine's sake—and of the occasional, unspeakable cruelty of trying to stave off death.

For Chen, death is medicine's primary socializing force, the thing that repeatedly tests the humanity of physicians. While she went into medicine with dreams of saving lives and presiding over a clinic of "grateful, cured, modern-day Lazarus equivalents," she quickly learned that death, not life, is medicine's lingua franca. And since few doctors ever learn to cope with death—since medical training is, in fact, a series of "lessons in denial and depersonalization"—many physicians end up being "unable to care humanely for the dying."

Chen's own initiation into this culture of denial began within her first few days in medical school, with her human anatomy class. Anatomy is the notoriously grisly course during which first-year students learn the intricacies of the human body by dissecting a cadaver, one formaldehyde-soaked muscle at a time. Chen paints this process with a writer's sense of poetry and a doctor's precision; she describes how the back muscles of one group's cadaver reminded her of the "big chunks of meat" she had seen in the butcher section of her supermarket, while her own cadaver's legs were "turning outward like those of a dancer in the first position" after a classmate sawed apart its pelvis.

Despite (or perhaps because of) her eloquence, however, this section of *Final Exam* is almost impossible to get through—a series of descriptions of brutal acts that a reader can barely read, let alone imagine performing. And that's the point. The process of taking apart another human is a violent undertaking, a violation that contradicts all our notions of the body's sanctity. Not surprisingly, students in human anatomy resort to all kinds of distancing and dehumanizing strategies—suppressing their fear of death, sublimating the horror of slicing up another human being, turning them into "cadavers" rather than people, even, perhaps, hiding in literary language—something their professors encourage by

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example and by withholding all personal information about the bodies except their age. That the students receive scarcely any psychological support only compounds the problem. By the time they put down their scalpels at the end of the course, they have stripped their first "patients" of any and all humanity.

"We learned to suppress our instincts of fear and even of repulsion," writes Chen. "We pushed those emotions out of our consciousness in order to further medical knowledge. We had become initiated."

Initiation was only the first step, however. With anatomy class behind them, Chen and her peers moved on to participating in messy "code blues," bloody surgery deaths and slow, painful expirations in lonely hospital rooms. *Final Exam* describes many of these episodes and, with them, the various dysfunctional (but rather understandable) responses that Chen and her peers perfected. We watch her absorb the bureaucratic nonchalance of older residents who have reduced death to a pile of paperwork they need to fill out. We see her puzzle over the behavior of a team of physicians who all but abandon an elderly patient once it becomes clear they cannot save her. And we observe how the chronic pressures of residency—the long hours, the intricate operations she must learn, the constant risk of killing a patient—turn her into an operating machine with little time to reflect on the loss of the patients who don't make it.

"I forgot their humanity," she says of the patients who died on her watch. "I forgot that they had families and friends, likes and dislikes, and hopes probably not that dissimilar from my own. For me, these dead were just another middle-of-the-night operation."

Chen's turning point came during an operation to remove the organs of a 35-year-old Asian woman who had been irremediably injured in a car accident several days earlier. The procurement, as these organ-harvesting operations are known, was Chen's eighty-third, and might have been as routine as all the previous ones. But as she prepared to slice into the woman's breastbone, the sterile drape covering her chest fell away and she noticed that the woman's breasts resembled her own. The "thinness" of her chest, the "texture" of her skin—it all reminded Chen of her own 35-year-old body. "I felt as if I were pulling apart my own flesh," she writes.

Chen began writing shortly after this incident, spewing forth "fictional stories" that were "almost always thinly veiled narratives" about her patients. Along the way, she rediscovered her patients' mortality, as well as her own, and with it the good old-fashioned humanism at the heart of medicine. It's the kind of positive ending that could easily fall into cliché, were it not for the fact that Chen's thesis—that doctors who can't confront their mortality make poorer clinicians—is supported by so many terrifying anecdotes and statistics. With more than 90 percent of us destined to die from a "prolonged illness," with one out of four oncologists failing to tell their patients they have terminal cancer, often because they are too busy or because they simply don't know how to break the news, it would be reassuring to know that our doctors have spent enough time confronting their own mortality to take care of our failing bodies when the time comes.

In her chapter on Max, Chen traces the birth of today's dysfunctional medical culture to the scientist-physician of the late nineteenth century, whose various medical innovations—standardizing training and procedures, introducing anesthesia and sterile practices, and giving up archaic treatments like bloodletting—had turned the body from some "mysterious repository of disease" into "a rational, potentially reparable biological machine." It was an evolution that has saved many lives but that also, when taken to its extreme, has stripped doctors of their humanism, their patients of their humanity. No doubt Sinclair Lewis would have recognized the paradox.

"We battle away until the last precious hours of life, believing that cure is the only goal," Chen writes. "We inflict misguided treatments on not just others but also ourselves. During these final, tortured moments it is as if the promise of the nineteenth century has become the curse of the twenty-first." ■

FILMS

Dreamscape

STUART KLAWANS

PAPRIKA • 9 STAR HOTEL • POISON FRIENDS

The plot is a molasses coat hook, a cobweb parachute, a steam shovel made of butterflies. The story won't hold up in Satoshi Kon's *Paprika*—nor should it, this being an animated psychoanalytic sci-fi thriller—and so you hold on to what you can, which above all is your first impression of the title character. She comes before you as a Tokyo girl with bobbed hair the color of spice, a flirt who plants lipstick kisses on her business cards, a motorbike rider and night-cafe talker with a wardrobe that can change in the blink of an eye. She crosses rooftops by flashing from one neon sign to the next, as if every famous face were hers. But back on the ground, if anyone pays her more attention than she wants, she escapes by simply fading from sight.

Paprika is the young woman of everyone's dreams; or rather, to take the movie's plot as literally as it allows, she is a psychiatrist who somehow can enter people's dreams at will. It's a lot more fun than sitting in a chair and listening to patients drone, though also considerably more dangerous. By the end of the movie, nothing less than the whole waking world will be at risk; but whatever impossible complications this wonder-doctor may encounter during her very intimate, boundary-dissolving interventions, those first, high-flying images of her will carry you along. Paprika stays in your mind as pure freedom and pure exhilaration.

That can't be said of the straitened character for whom she serves as the inner self. The Paprika whom people meet in their dreams is a projection—maybe even a wish fulfillment—of the unsmiling Dr. Atsuko Chiba, a pale and angular woman who invariably wears a suit and keeps her hair pinned up. Unlike her magical alter ego, Dr. Chiba doesn't romp through the night sky. She deals with the day's business as experienced in a corporate tower: troublesome colleagues, a blood-chilling boss, political interference with her research.

But even though cold, controlled Dr. Chiba dwells in the world of the reality principle, she nevertheless faces problems that go beyond the mundane. A device for mind infiltration has vanished from her lab, having been stolen, perhaps, by a dream-terrorist; and as if that's not bad enough, her institute's chief of research has sudden-

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ly gone insane. You will not be surprised to learn that these two events are related. After the chief lifts his arm in an imperial salute and marches about stiff-legged while spouting nonsense—like a Dadaist in the Café Voltaire, you'd think, bent on world domination—he falls into a sleep from which he cannot be awakened. With her computer, Dr. Chiba taps into his mind and sees that he's dreaming of a parade, with confetti (though nobody's around to throw it) and music (performed by a band of marching frogs) and a float on which the chief sits enthroned, surrounded and cushioned by thousands of dolls.

Is this the chief's own dream? Or is somebody sinister dreaming it for him?

The answer, of course, is number two; and you won't need to steal an experimental psycho-gizmo to figure out who's the culprit. Despite *Paprika*'s continual melting of one narrative into another—despite its hypnotic swirl of stories within stories—Kon preserves the predictable outlines of each of his genres, including the one that explains whodunit. If you are the sort of moviegoer who insists on being surprised by a plot, then you may be disappointed that you can identify *Paprika*'s mastermind by sure and familiar signs. But surprises abound everywhere in this movie, not just on the level of "Who made that happen?" I'm not sure I know why *anything* happens in this picture; but I'm confident that as you tick off the conventions, Kon will keep startling you with their new and mysterious possibilities.

In fact, Hollywood clichés turn out to be integral to one of the two main categories of dream that Kon proposes in *Paprika*—the good category. Throughout the film, Dr. Chiba/Paprika is engaged in treating one Detective Konakawa, a square-jawed, mustached he-man straight out of a thousand hard-boiled police procedurals. The curious thing about Konakawa is that his dreams are a collage of American-style films: a circus picture, a Tarzan adventure, a spy thriller, a police procedural (of course). Konakawa keeps insisting to Dr. Chiba/Paprika that he doesn't like movies and never watches them; but an expert psychoanalyst recognizes denial when she hears it. The cure for Konakawa's crippling anxiety must lie in the kind of collective dreaming practiced in movie houses.

This kind of dreaming is shared, but it's also democratic and voluntary and unfolds over time. (First you watch a circus picture, then you watch a Tarzan adventure.) The other kind of dreaming in *Paprika*, the parade dream in which the chief is trapped, is also shared, but in the wrong way. It's dictatorial, coerced and locked into space. Instead of scenes succeeding one another, objects pile up in one place into a mad, random accumulation. The trappings are celebratory—like so many parades, this one pretends to be marching toward triumph—and yet there's a horrific mirthlessness to it. So much of the jumble consists of toys, as if your joining this procession (or being joined to it) were a matter of infantile regression.

But in Konakawa's movie dreams, there's always a tinge of adult regret, and the whiff of grown-up sexual desire.

If all of this sound complicated, I can tell you that Kon's source material, a novel by Yasutaka Tsutsui, is said to be even more convoluted. You can, if you like, simplify still further by watching *Paprika* just for the pictures, secure in the knowledge that you're getting the best damned delirium your moviegoing dollar can buy. (True to his love of genre, Kon bases his drawings on a classic style of comic-book graphics—then compacts and intensifies, as if pressing ten frames into one.) If you're feeling ambitious, though, and want to interpret and not just dream, you can watch *Paprika* as a cartoon feminist *Civilization and Its Discontents*, and Kon will reward that reading, too.

How might the movie be watched by its own resident psychiatrist? I suppose that depends on whether you ask the outer Dr. Chiba or the inner Paprika. They sometimes disagree—but that's another swirl in the story.

EVENTS

NATIONAL

2007 URPE Summer Conference

■ Global Migration and the Logic of Capitalism. Friday, August 10, to Monday, August 13. Camp Deer Run, Pine Bush, New York. Register by July 27. Plenaries include: "The Changing Nature of Labor Struggles in the United States," with Brian Callaci, Gwenn Mills and Mark Brenner; "Causes and Consequences of Transnational Migration," with Salimah Valiani, Alex Julca and others TBA; and the David Gordon Lecture ("Radical Economics and Social Change Movements: Strengthening the Links Between Academics and Activists"), by Jim Stanford. And lots of other workshops! Camp Deer Run, located at the foot of the Shawangunk Mountains, provides opportunities for swimming, basketball, volleyball, badminton and hiking. Children are welcome. Rates: sliding scale. For more information contact URPE at urpe@labornet.org or (413) 577-0806. Visit our website: www.urpe.org.

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Vietnam Veterans Against the War

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Worker Education National Call

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John Pilger and Amy Goodman

■ *Freedom Next Time*: An evening with John Pilger and Amy Goodman. Thursday, June 7, 7 PM. The New School, Tishman Auditorium, 66 West 12th Street. Admission: $5. Tickets: (212) 229-5488 or boxoffice@newschool.edu. In a rare New York appearance, award-winning journalist and filmmaker John Pilger will discuss his new book *Freedom Next Time: Resisting the Empire* (Nation Books) with Amy Goodman, host of the Pacifica radio show *Democracy Now!* They will consider Iraq, Palestine, India, South Africa and the island of Diego Garcia, where the long struggle for freedom has taken place but the dream is yet to be realized. A book signing will follow the event. Sponsored by The New School, the Center for Economic Research and Social Change, and The Nation Institute, with support from the Wallace Global Fund.

OHIO

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■ June 21–24: "Leveraging Change: The Politics and Economics of Global Poverty and Health Care." Presenters: Sonia Shah, Elizabeth Kucinich, Roy Jacobstein and other scholars, artists and activists. What commitments to human moral equality and justice are required of the biomedical research community, public health-care planners, providers of healthcare and distributors of resources? Contact: Center for Literature, Medicine and Biomedical Humanities at Hiram College, Hiram, Ohio. Graduate credit available. (330) 569-5380. kohnm@hiram.edu. litmed.hiram.edu.

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To savor the full irony of the Israeli documentary *9 Star Hotel*, you need to know something more than director-cinematographer Ido Haar tells you. He's a practitioner of direct cinema, committed to whatever evidence his lens and microphone might capture; and so he plunges straight into the horrid absurdity of his story, assuming that his primary audience needs no instruction about its setting. Everyone in Israel is familiar with the new city of Modi'in, a vast project being constructed midway between Tel Aviv and Jerusalem according to a master plan by architect Moshe Safdie. But for those who could use the information, I quote from the city's promotional brochure: "Ever since the establishment of Israel, the country's leaders have dreamed of reviving the ancient Jewish town of Modi'in, a symbol of Hasmonean heroism and of the conservation of the Jewish and national identity of the people of Israel. The establishment of the city of Modi'in in the 1990's was the ancient Jewish dream coming true."

9 Star Hotel records a few details about some of the laborers who pour concrete, hammer lath and lay stone for this dream. They are young Palestinian men who have no jobs in the occupied territories but no permits to work in Israel. So they live in shanties hidden in the hills and dodge three distinct security forces every day, going back and forth from building Modi'in.

You see them from a distance as the film begins, two or three at first, then as many as a dozen pouring down a grassy hillside at dawn. From afar, they seem a part of the landscape. But then the camera is suddenly in their midst as they hurry through a pine forest, each lugging a knapsack or duffle bag, and then dash across a highway. You hear their heavy breathing, and the lookout's warning about police patrols. Not for the last time in *9 Star Hotel*, the image becomes a jerky assemblage of pavement, sky, somebody's back, then the temporary respite of tall grass. At this stage, early in the film, all you know of the characters is this collective blur. But after some shots of the construction site, the scene changes again to the men's encampment. They cook tomato stew in the communal pot. They retire to their shelters: a hive of wooden crates, covered variously in plastic tarps and salvaged draperies. They chat deep into the night about the homes they've left, their families, their memories; and so these official non-persons take on names, characters, individuality.

As you come to know these people, you may wonder: How invisible are they? Surely drivers on the busy highway must see them; Haar shows you scenes of the men running across traffic. Sometimes Israeli children see them, too—as when the men come across three Jewish kids in a field outside Modi'in, who cadge some construction materials for play. And even though Haar recorded no interactions between the laborers and their foremen, somebody on the building site must have looked at these people long enough to hire them. Everybody sees—but nobody chooses to notice, except for the cops who are charged with running the men down.

Thanks to Haar, though, you also notice. You find out where these men bathe, which songs they sing, how much they earn, what happens to them when they're sick or injured, what they think about the Israelis. (A hint: They're not big fans.) You stay with them through the long nights of watching headlights pass on the distant highway, and through days on end when it's raining and there's no work to be had, so they just hole up, useless, in their boxes.

Why did these frustrated, hunted men trust an Israeli to camp out with them and bring along his camera? Maybe it was a way to keep their spirits up. You see throughout the film how they sustain themselves through joshing, bull sessions, scavenging, reminiscence. Perhaps they found one more outlet in Haar, who gave them a way to show themselves. It's the least they could want—but more than the promoters of Modi'in are willing to allow.

9 Star Hotel is having its US theatrical premiere at Film Forum in New York, through June 5.

Emmanuel Bourdieu's excellent drama *Poison Friends* is now opening in Los Angeles, which is, ironically enough, the Promised Land for its clique of James Ellroy–obsessed Parisian college students. Led, or rather dominated, by the dark and swaggering André (Thibault Vinçon), this cluster of friends believe in literature as only the French still do, and so are enthralled by André's brilliant, sadistic insistence that they abandon it altogether.

Bourdieu's strength as a director precisely matches his instincts as a screenwriter: He loves to watch groups interact. *Poison Friends* is alive with the nuances of young people getting along, or not, as they learn from one another. It also shows the shifts in the group when André makes good on his ideas and breaks decisively with writing. He discovers what his friends don't want to know: that only a particular section of French society makes an idol of literature. Outside that charmed circle, it seems, there's garbage on the street, and somebody's got to pick it up. ■

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PUZZLE NO. 3085

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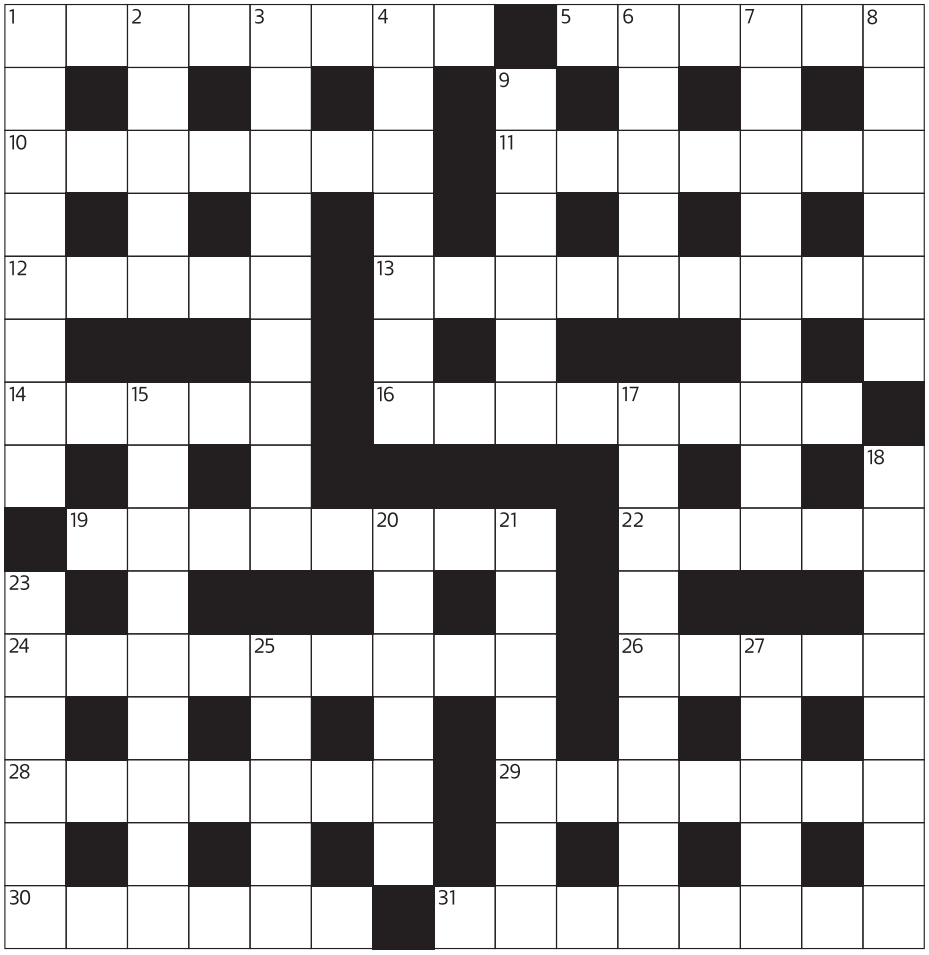

ACROSS

1 They probably hope for the best, getting Spain out of the revolution. (8)

5 A unit of length when you get to go up in the air around it, with your own kin. (6)

10 What passengers did up (to obey the law) when Rogers of interstellar space came first. (7)

11 The state (according to the French) of the returning Fairy Queen to a suitable finish. (7)

12 Wise ones are fresh parcels of land. (5)

13 What's the point to your relations getting pickled, just because such clothes would really show you off! (4-5)

14 The short part of Morse to say "Same here!" (5)

16 A couple of points made about Lily, the singer, alternatively the ones who pick up the tab for the show. (8)

19 The scattering of the Tribes said to be coming back to a river in Italy with the Sun, as some implied. (8)

22 What old-time diggers did in model very often. (5)

24 It might involve a bit of name calling, but bridge players who make a doubled bid think it deserves a few extra points. (9)

26 It could be drier for such a variety of owlet. (5)

28 That's what you pay for getting so smart! (7)

29 Had your meals with someone else, but rundown places sometimes get this up. (7)

30 Is found in someone like Terpsichore, when you get to handle something incorrectly. (6)

31 Perhaps where you take a stroll around a perfect example of a 40-to-0 game. (4-4)

DOWN

1 Reproaches someone for not being down on twisters. (8)

2 Bone-carrier some actors hope to get. (5)

3 Not feeling well with you and me is no problem—such things are not really apparent. (9)

4 Are such people barely visible? (7)

6 Actors might be looking for this, but not altogether so. (5)

7 It might be a big deal when getting into the office. (Does it not out-foretell Mr. Gore?) (9)

8 The old-fashioned way with a pen may be frothy and foamy. (6)

9 Is it material that such a little state gets a little firm? (6)

15 Dangerous in flight, if the parts are reversed it might be what one does on donkeys. (9)

17 Tried awfully to get fire around it, but it's one way to shunt things off. (9)

18 Alas! The old way has one source of water each twenty-four hours. (8)

20 Wise ones are supposed to know theirs, but they may be in the soup. (6)

21 A broken leg needs a little support, so a lot of people study it. (7)

23 There should be a perpetrator for each one, when the old theater has a tiny character. (6)

25 When the lions are let loose, these may be said to be girded up. (5)

27 She must have been married at one time, seeing that her partner is late. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 3084

S	H	A	W	N	E	E	S	■	P	O	P	E	Y	E
P	■	C	■	E	■	V	■	■	■	B	■	N	■	X
R	E	R	O	U	T	E	■	R	I	S	O	T	T	O
U	■	O	■	T	■	N	■	E	■	C	■	E	■	R
C	A	B	A	R	E	T	■	O	C	E	A	N	I	C
E	■	A	■	A	■	U	■	R	■	N	■	T	■	I
■	■	T	A	L	K	A	T	I	V	E	N	E	S	S
O	■	■	■	■	■	L	■	E	■	■	■	■	■	E
T	R	A	D	I	T	I	O	N	A	L	L	Y	■	■
O	■	C	■	M	■	T	■	T	■	A	■	E	■	T
S	W	A	H	I	L	I	■	A	M	N	E	S	I	A
C	■	N	■	T	■	E	■	T	■	D	■	H	■	B
O	U	T	L	A	W	S	■	I	N	I	T	I	A	L
P	■	H	■	T	■	■	■	O	■	N	■	V	■	E
E	L	I	D	E	S	■	A	N	A	G	R	A	M	S

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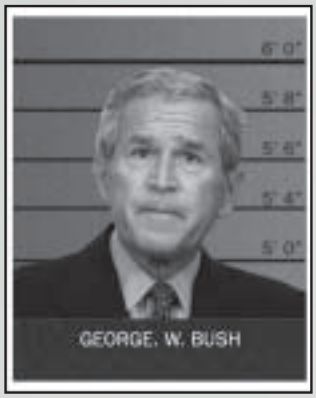

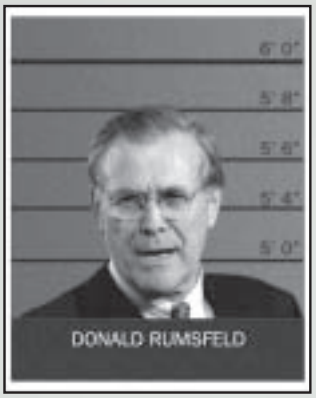

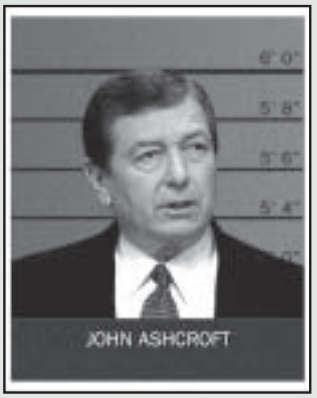

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